

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

No. 345.]

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 30, 1875.

[VOL. XIV.

THE PERUVIAN AMAZON AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

NOTES FROM A JOURNAL OF TRAVEL.

I.

YQUITOS, ON THE PERUVIAN AMAZON,
315 MILES ABOVE THE BRAZILIAN FRONTIER.

ONE morning late in February of 1873, as the huge volume of mist that marks

the tortuous course of the river Amazon was being slowly dispelled by the rising sun, a small Peruvian steam-launch might have been seen lying at the base of the steep bank that forms the river-front of the little village of Yquitos. The anchor was up, and the shrill whistle had announced, for at least the twentieth time, to the crowd of friends and well-wishers on board, that the hour of departure had arrived. But seeming either unwilling to leave us to the anticipated dangers of the wilds that we intended to penetrate, or else anxious to see the bottoms of several huge decanters of cocktails, it was not until the wheels commenced to turn that they gave their final embraces and jumped ashore.

The object of this exploration was to determine the head of navigation of the river Amazon, or of that tributary which was best suited for being the eastern terminus of the trans-Andean Railroad now being constructed by the Peruvian Government. As we were to penetrate a hitherto unknown country, we knew full well that the exploration would

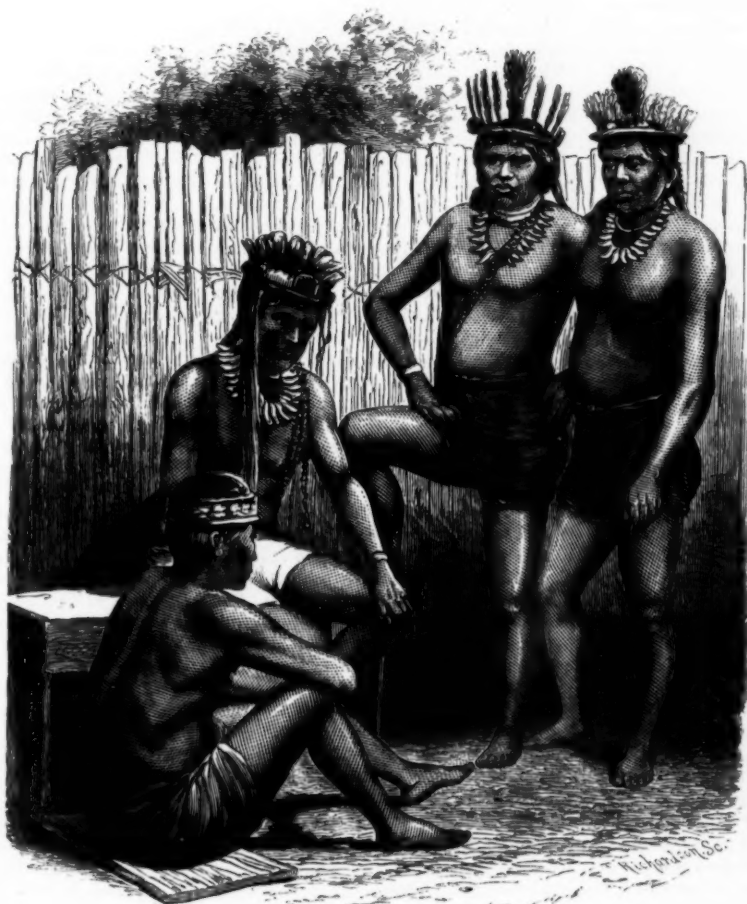
be a lengthy and perilous one, but we had not anticipated our dangers commencing so soon. The Peruvian midshipman in command of the launch, and his Indian crew, were totally igno-

"brought us to" very suddenly, and nearly capsized the boat in the mouth of a tremendous whirlpool, formed by the sudden change in the direction of the river's course at this

point. This prodigy of a Peruvian captain, and his unskilled crew, spent at least one hour in fruitless attempts to regain the anchor, and after a most ridiculous display of rage, hysterical laughter, and wringing of his hands, our commander threw his hat on the deck, stamped upon it, and gave up his anchor as a bad job. Its recovery was finally accomplished by the suggestions of a landsman.

The engine-driver, who was as inefficient as the captain, had had no practical experience with high-pressure engines. He allowed the water to go down in his boilers and the pumps to stop working, so that we had immediately to drop anchor again and allow him to haul fires, the pleasant probability of our being blown up at any moment being imminent. However, our good angel, who through the future watched over us so

well, came to our aid in this danger, and after a delay of three or four hours we got under way, and the dusky faces along the shore were soon lost in the distance.



AMAZON INDIANS.

rant of their duties, and we had just gotten under "full speed," and were standing across the river, when they carelessly let the anchor get away from its fastenings. This

The little launch in which we were to make our lengthy journey of probably more than one thousand miles up the river Ucayali and its tributaries, was only sixty feet long. She was designed especially for this service, and was well adapted to it. She was provided with an armament of Remington breech-loading rifles and revolvers, and was ordered to have provisions sufficient for four months. Besides the members of the hydrographical commission on board, and in charge of the exploration, there was a crew of fifteen or twenty Indian sailors and firemen. Thus, from the small size of the vessel, we were very much crowded, but, as we were dependent upon our own force to cut wood for the engine, it was necessary to have this number.

After leaving the high bank on which is situated the small station of Yquitos, and passing the opposite bank of Tamshiyacu, the river widened out, and the vast expanse of inundated forest and floating drift-wood, that, with the exception of a few knolls, was for so long to weary the eye, opened upon our view. In consequence of our unnecessary delay in starting, and of the extra consumption of fuel, we were unable to reach, as was our intention, the little village of Nauta, near the mouth of the river Ucayali. A few hours before night we stopped to cut wood, with which to continue our voyage the next day. Although the general impression seems to prevail that the banks of the river Amazon are covered with the finest specimen of trees suitable for timber and fuel, there are really in this part of the valley but one or two varieties that will serve as fuel for steamers. The commonest and most attainable tree for this purpose is the caparona. It is a tall, straight tree, with dark, smooth bark, very small leaves, and, strange to say, very crooked and gnarled limbs, and indeed it is not only in every point unlike our own forest-trees of the United States, but even bearing no resemblance to its surrounding brethren of the tropics. It cuts and splits well, and when perfectly dry is reported by the firemen to be almost equal in its steam-producing properties to coal. This tree is found on very low lands. A few moments after having made fast to the bank, night set in upon us, and at the same time we were attacked by myriads of hungry mosquitoes. Then came the necessity of rigging up our mosquito-bars on board, a problem that at first seemed utterly impossible of solution. After finally turning and twisting them in a hundred different ways, we found that we could arrange them all after a fashion, but that they would occupy the entire vessel, and thus compel us all, from lack of room, to retire at the same time. We found the fatigues of the day so much increased by the continual slapping and fighting of these little pests (which pervade the atmosphere of this part of the country, and which seem to be as important an element in its constitution as either oxygen or hydrogen), that we gladly sought an early refuge under the protecting folds of our nets. There intrenched, we blissfully smoked ourselves to sleep, listening in the mean while, with infinite delight, to the many and varied tunes sung by our enraged enemies, who, in millions, and gnashing their teeth in a per-

fect buzz of fury, flew in all directions around us. Only when the boat, swung by the current, either came into contact with the limb from some tree, or else was touched by a piece of floating drift-wood, was our enjoyment at all marred. When such was the case, we were attacked by hordes of red ants that, like so many pirates, swarmed down upon us.

Early the next morning, having taken on board a supply of wood, we hoisted anchor and got under way. And, although our erratic genius of an engineer treated us to another test of his skill, and of our nerves, not to mention the strain upon the boiler-iron, we soon passed the mouth of the Ucayali River, and a few moments later reached the old Indian settlement of Nauta, situated six miles above the confluence of the Ucayali and Marañon, and on the left bank of the latter (the Marañon is the name given to that part of the Amazon River from its headwaters to the Brazilian frontier at Tabatinga). Our object in thus running by the mouth of the Ucayali, and up to this point, was to take on wood.

Nauta is situated in latitude $4^{\circ} 31' 30''$ south, longitude $73^{\circ} 27'$ west of Greenwich. Distance above the Brazilian frontier fort at Tabatinga, three hundred and seventy-one miles. Elevation above sea-level, 97,534 metres. Average thermometer, 97° Fahr. Average current between Yquitos and this place, three miles per hour. It is situated on a range of low but abrupt hills that run at right angles to the direction of the mouth of the river Ucayali, and seem to bar its further progress, and turn its waters into the Marañon. After the inundated country through which we had passed, it was, indeed, truly refreshing to behold these little elevations, which reminded one of oases in a desert. The site of this town is remarkably good for this portion of the valley, and, should the country adjoining the river Ucayali and the upper Marañon and its tributaries ever be developed, the place must become an important city. We found the village, even for an Indian one, in a most miserably dilapidated condition. At present there are about one hundred houses, two stores, and a church. These are built of mud and thatch, and their ruinous condition presents a very melancholy picture. The plaza in front of the church is covered with high, rank grass, which is the usual resort of a few stunted cattle. These at noon retire under the protecting shade of the porch to the old, tumble-down church. The cura in charge of the settlement is much more earnestly engaged in the saving of turtle, fish, and *soles* (a Peruvian coin worth about one dollar in our currency), than in saving the souls of his flock. The trade of the place consists in salt-fish, wax, sarsaparilla, and rubber, that are obtained from the Ucayali and the adjoining rivers. The trade, though, is not so important as it was twenty years ago—possibly owing to the establishment of Yquitos, sixty-five miles below. Lieutenant Herndon, of the United States Navy, in his explorations of the valley of the Amazon in the year 1851, made quite a lengthy stay at this place. At that time he reported a population of one thousand souls, but now

there are only some five hundred. Dom Bernardino Cauper, the wealthy old Portuguese merchant, mentioned by him, is now dead, and it is said that he buried his wealth without telling his children of its whereabouts, so that now they are miserably poor.

Early the next morning we left Nauta, and were borne by the swift current of the Marañon down to the mouth of the Ucayali. As we turned into the broad and rapid stream, that, at this peculiar season of the year, is almost as large as the mother-river, and as our speed was gradually "slowed down" by the mighty opposing volume, and we thought of the immense distance through which we had to painfully toil our way, so did our spirits fall. The width of the river at this season could not be estimated, as the tongue of land lying between it and the Marañon was overflowed and intersected with many deep *quebradas* (creeks) and lakes. But between its ordinary banks the river is very wide. Here all signs of life, such as Indian huts and occasional clearings, almost entirely disappeared. Nothing but one dreary expanse of muddy water, interspersed with islands and floating drift-wood, confronted our view. The scene was monotonously gloomy, and only enlivened by the occasional sight of a few dirty-looking water-fowl, or by the splashing of some sleepy old alligator as he slowly rolled his huge carcass into the yellow river. Just as night set in we reached an Indian settlement, called Sapon, consisting of a few miserable huts. Here the number of mosquitoes was so fearful as to cause us to take refuge very soon under our nets. Our Indian crew, however, not being so sensitive to their bite, threw over a few fishing-lines; and, before we had finally gotten to sleep, we knew by their expressions of delight—sundry smackings of the mouth, etc.—that they had been successful; and very soon we heard them hauling on board a large fish. It proved to be about seven feet long, of the kind called here *son-gara*. It resembles in appearance our cat-fish, and for eating is considered one of the best in the river.

The next day, just before dark, we reached quite a large Indian village, called Curahuaita. The Indians had been previously notified of our proposed coming, and had cut wood to sell to us, which they immediately began to bring on board. It was too dark to examine their physiognomies; but the next morning our eyes were greeted with a motley group of half-naked savage men, women, and children. Their leoprous hides were smeared with a blue, vegetable paint that, put on to keep off mosquitoes, helps to produce this loathsome disease. This blue dye, called *auito*, does not altogether cause the affections of the skin so commonly seen, but partially contributes to it by interrupting a free transpiration through the pores. The men wore pantalons, and, in some instances, a kind of gown, somewhat resembling in appearance the pictures seen of the old Roman toga. Their wives wore these gowns from a native cotton that grows around their huts.

The women wore a cloth of similar manufacture and texture. This, woven around the body, hung loosely from the waist to the ankle. The children, however, seemed utterly regard-

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less as to whether or not they wore clothes. All hands, though, evinced the strongest passion for ornaments, and wore huge strands of beads, monkey-teeth, and snake and lizard skins around their necks, arms, and ankles. Most of the girls wore, instead of chignons, live monkeys perched on the tops of their heads. These, looking very fat and comfortable, clung on in the most remarkable manner. With one consent the Indians christened the launch the "Tambo-wawa," meaning the Tambo's baby. The Tambo was a large steamer that they had once seen. They were very suspicious; and, having embarked their wood, stood off at a respectful distance until the whistle sounded for our departure, when they all made one headlong rush for the bushes.

March 3d.—This evening we stopped to cut wood, in water up to the men's waists, this being, though, the nearest approximation to any land. All day we have been vainly steaming to find some point sufficiently above water to admit of this. The river increases daily in its desolate appearance, both banks being wholly submerged, and there being a great scarcity of animal life. Even the water-fowl have almost entirely disappeared, having gone to the lakes and lagoons formed in the forests. The only thing to break the silent monotony is the shrill cry of solitary pairs of macaws, and occasional flocks of parrots that, rising up from the forest, dazzle our eyes for an instant with their brilliant plumage, and then, startled at the appearance of this tiny harbinger of civilization, fly screaming far away over the mighty wooded expanse.

March 5th.—Started early this morning, and anchored for the night at Pucacura. This is the largest *chacra* (clearing) owned by one man, on the Ucayali River, and at that does not contain more than six acres of cleared land. It is situated on the shore of a little lake, about half a mile from the river; latitude $6^{\circ} 4' 45''$ south; longitude $75^{\circ} 1'$ west of Greenwich; distance from Yquitos, three hundred and fifty-six miles; elevation

above sea-level, 114,908 metres; current from mouth of river to this point, two and one-tenth miles per hour. It belongs to a Peruvian ex-army-officer, who, taking the wrong side in one of the numerous revolutions, found it expedient to retire to this lonely spot, where he has made this clearing and collected around him some hundred Indians. Early this morning we passed a canoe belonging to the owner of Pucacura, and on its return-trip from Nauta, where it had been to carry salt-fish. Made from the trunk of a single tree, it was sixty feet long, with four and a half feet beam, and was propelled by ten Indians, with poles and paddles. It was fitted aft with a

though the highest ground in this vicinity has been selected as the site of this little *chacra*, the water is within a few inches of the door-sill; and the alligators, with which the lake was alive, could easily, while their tails were in the water, have poked their noses into the house. We remained here all night, and partook of the señor's hospitality. I was awakened before day by hearing music, and found that the canoe that we had passed the morning before was just getting in. As they paddled, the crew sang a wild kind of melody, very sweet, and sounding very like some of our negro tunes. In the morning, I heard the master dispensing

justice to an Indian fellow, whose face and hands were tattooed. All hands assembling to witness the punishment, he ordered him to be tied, and hit one hundred lashes with a piece of raw-hide. As we got under way, we could hear the poor fellow's cries. Notwithstanding this severity, the Indians seemed quite attached to their master.

March 8th.—Passed to-day the old settlements of Tierra Blanca and Sta. Catalina. At the time of Lieutenant Herndon's visit to this country, these places were Indian towns, connected with the missionary station of Sarayacu, and under the government of monks of the Franciscan order, who belonged to the College of Ocopa, in Peru. And it was from these villages that the lieutenant vainly attempted to raise recruits

to enable him to prosecute his further voyage up the Ucayali. Since then, the padres have removed to Cashiboya, a position farther up the river. All these places are in a ruinous condition.

March 9th.—Early this morning arrived at the mouth of the little *quebrada* of Sarayacu. Up this *quebrada*, about three miles from its mouth, is situated the station of the same name. We determined the mouth of this *quebrada* to be in latitude $6^{\circ} 35' 15''$ south; longitude $74^{\circ} 58' 30''$ west of Greenwich; distance from Yquitos, four hundred and fifty-one and a half miles; elevation above sea-level, 124,967 metres; average cur-



VEGETATION AT NAUTA.—THE OLGUAJE-TREE.

thatched roof, that furnished accommodations for both passengers and cargo. Pucacura in English signifies red ant; but these are by no means the only pests peculiar to the place. Millions of mosquitoes fill the air; and, although Señor M— has growing around him, in the greatest profusion, the most magnificent oranges, lemons, citrons, pineapples, alligator-pears, bananas, sapotes, and almost every other variety of tropical fruit, still it is incomprehensible to me how he has existed for so many years among these torments. His house is a large one, and built of cane and thatch. It is surrounded on three sides by similar ones for his dependents. Al-

rent between Pucacura and this point, two and nine-tenths miles per hour. The Indians soon came down to the bank, swarming around us, and insisting upon our drinking *masato* with them. But, being familiar with the way in which they concocted it, we declined the honor. We returned the hospitality by offering *cachapa*, and succeeded in making one old dame quite drunk. This *masato* is a drink made from the root of the yuca, which is reduced by the teeth of the old squaws of the tribe to the proper state of trituration during their leisure moments. These chewed-up mouthfuls of root are deposited in an earthen pot and allowed to ferment.

An Indian came alongside, with a musical instrument made from pieces of reed of different lengths, and played an air that I had heard the men down the river sing. All these Indians speak the Inca language; and possibly this was one of the old national airs, by which perchance kings had been crowned and victims sacrificed. We went up to see the old settlement of Sarayacu, and found all the Indians drunk, who again insisted upon our drinking *masato* with them. This was one of the oldest missionary stations on the river. It is also remarkable for being the highest point reached by Lieutenant Herndon in his explorations of the river Ucayali. On account of his not being able to induce the Indians to accompany him farther, he was forced to return. They were afraid to encounter the rapid currents, bad passes, and the numerous savage tribes with which, report said, they would have to contend above this point. After having gotten this far, and having endured so much, it must indeed have been a serious disappointment to him to be compelled to give up his expedition. And he doubtless would have given a great deal in this dilemma for our little steamer. For he says in his report: "I felt, in turning my boat's head down-stream, that the pleasure and excitement of the expedition were passed; that I was done and had done nothing. I became ill and dispirited, and never fairly recovered the gayety and elasticity of spirit which had animated me at the start until I received the congratulations of my friends at home."

We found living here three white families. These are engaged in trading with the Indians for salt-fish, rubber, sarsaparilla, etc., which articles, when procured in sufficient quantity, are embarked on *balzas* (large rafts made from wood of that name), and floated down to Nauta and Yquitos. We were shown the old church, which, considering its material—mud and thatch—is in a tolerable state of preservation. They told us that this station was founded by Jesuit priests about two hundred years ago. Also they told us the marvelous story that two thousand soldiers and fifty priests lost their lives before it could be finally established. The whole place, of some fifty dilapidated houses, is rapidly going to ruin. The priests have abandoned the mission, and established one higher up the river. In 1851 Herndon reported a population of one thousand; now there are not more than three hundred souls.

March 11th.—At 7.45 A. M. we got under way, and, with a heavy rain falling, ran past

a point of mountains belonging to the range of mountains called Canchaguallo. They were very abrupt, and beautiful in their tropical verdure. At this point the river is contracted, and the current very strong. We stopped for the night at an Indian settlement called Bipuanco. The Indians here are the wildest I have ever seen. They had their war-clubs, bows, and arrows, arranged in their huts, and ready for instant use. They had just caught a fat, young wild-hog, which they offered to sell to us. But our nautical paragon, who prides himself on his skill in bargaining, thinking that they would come to better terms by next morning, offered them only forty cents for it. This they refused, and, during the night, all getting drunk, they "went," or rather "went for," "the whole hog." We remained there all the next day, to cut wood. At night one of the Indians came on board drunk, and with only his trousers on; he brought with him a calabash of *masato*, which he insisted upon our drinking. As the only means to get rid of him, we gave him some *cachapa*, which he took and left. It proved too much for him; and, during the night, we were awakened by a noise, and found that he had gotten perfectly crazy with drink, and was prancing up and down the bunk. He had slung around him an Indian tambour (a section of hollow log with monkey-skins stretched over the ends), upon which he was beating and making the most horrible noise imaginable. He finally improvised a gang-board out of some large cane and came on board, but he was again put off in a hurry.

March 13th.—Made an early start and a good run. Stopped for the night at a clearing where there lived a man engaged in trading with the Indians. For ten dollars our captain bought from him a little cannibal boy, whom the neighboring Indians had captured from cannibals living on the Pachitea River. The little fellow is apparently about eight years old, and excessively fat. He has two large scars on his leg, which looks as though he had been shot with arrows in an attempt to escape. N. B. NOLAND.

THE LITTLE JOANNA.*

A NOVEL.

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER XXV.

UNDER AN UMBRELLA.

ANITA, little of the dreamer as she looked, had gone back to the oleander-walk, the moment she entered the carriage, and did not notice that Mrs. Basil maintained a studied silence.

"I wonder," thought Arthur's aunt, "if this girl is moping about Arthur's going away?" She rather liked Anita, but she could not altogether approve of old Miss Hawkesby as a "mother-in-law" for her nephew. It was rather too evident that in any battle that might arise between Anita's managing aunt and Arthur's managing aunt,

it would be Anita's aunt that would come off with flying colors.

"My nephew left me this morning," said she, at last, abruptly, feeling that politeness required her to say something.

"I am very sorry," said Anita, softly. (Had he confided in his aunt? Anita ventured to look at Mrs. Basil with a sidelong glance, and felt assured that he had not confided in his aunt.)

"Oh, I resign myself to such contingencies," said Mrs. Basil. "Arthur has been educated to carve his own fortune" (she couldn't endure the thought that her nephew should be accepted for any possible wealth he might fall heir to). "The pursuit of his profession must often take him away from home; and any woman who marries Arthur will have to make up her mind to that."

"How very fortunate that I am not going to marry him!" said this wicked Anita; and she looked so superlatively innocent, that Mrs. Basil was at a loss to understand her. She hoped, she trusted—with a blind belief in her nephew's irresistibility, that was creditable to her heart, if not to her head—she trusted that Arthur had not been guilty of trifling with this fair young girl's affections.

"Oh," she stammered—"you know I was speaking in the abstract. I don't suppose that Arthur is thinking of marrying—just at present."

"No; I don't suppose that he is," answered Anita, carelessly. "Can you be so good as to put me down at Mrs. Carl Tomkins's? I must see her about these charades, you know; and you needn't wait for me. I don't know how long I may be detained; and I'll walk home; I sha'n't mind a walk."

"Here we are now," answered Mrs. Basil, poking old Thurston in the back with her ivory-headed staff—the only useful purpose it ever served her. This was not an elegant way of arresting her coachman's attention, but it was convenient, and Mrs. Basil had found it expedient to renounce many of the little elegancies of life. "I would be happy to send the carriage back for you, Miss Anita, but I am not very sure that it will be in my power to do so."

"It is not necessary—thank you," said Anita, as she sprang out.

Mrs. Carl Tomkins was in her parlor, a fanciful room, that loudly proclaimed her taste and culture—and thus obeyed an important canon of domestic art. There were brackets in profusion and variety; there were vases and statuettes, ditto; and pictures, ditto; there were so many crowded knick-knacks, that visitors were in perpetual danger of stumbling over some footstool, or tipping over some stand. Anita, however, showed herself a marvel of dexterity; she avoided every obstacle with an easy grace, and met Mrs. Carl Tomkins in the middle of the room.

And Mrs. Carl Tomkins had been just wishing to see her; she had so much to say about the charades and tableaux, and the small but portentous clouds gathering on the social horizon.

"When you undertake a thing of this kind," said the wise Anita, "you must deliberately make up your mind to immolate

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yourself. Nobody will thank you, of course; but you will have the consolation of knowing that virtue is its own reward. And you must do this; you must propitiate everybody—begin, now, by propitiating me. You've forgotten to invite my sister Joanna."

Mrs. Carl Tomkins stared a little, and colored; but she saw that Anita was in earnest, and, quickly recovering herself, protested that she thought she had invited Joanna.

"No, you forget," replied Anita, quietly. "I know it was an oversight, but I cannot come without the child; at least I would not like to." She spoke most sweetly and amiably, but it was plain that she meant to carry her point.

"She shall come," said Mrs. Carl Tomkins. Her list was swelling fearfully, but it would never do to refuse so important a member of her troupe as Miss Anita Hawkesby. "I commission you to make my apologies and invite her for me."

"Thank you," said Anita, with real warmth, as she rose to go.

"Oh, stay, just one moment longer!" cried Mrs. Carl Tomkins. "I wish to consult you about my dress; you have so much taste! I won't make you go up-stairs; I'll bring it down here, if you'll wait."

Anita consented to wait; and Mrs. Carl Tomkins went to bring her dress. She did not return immediately; indeed, she was gone so long that Anita was beginning to be impatient, when the servant ushered a gentleman into the parlor—an event for which the restless occupant was totally unprepared, for the very faint tinkle of the door-bell had not made itself heard beyond the kitchen-entrance where it hung.

It was Basil Redmond. He came in dazzled by the light, and, nearly stumbling over a footstool, was by Anita's side before he recognized her.

Anita could neither speak nor move; the world seemed to be going round and round with her, and she felt that if she attempted to rise she should fall; if she attempted to speak she should utter a cry; but outwardly she was calm—until he called her name.

"Anita!" he cried, stretching out his hands; and it would be hard to say whether he was glad or grieved.

And then Anita began to tremble visibly. In vain she knitted her fingers in order to steady herself.

"Yes, it is I, Anita," she faltered.

The silence, though it lasted but an instant, had become intolerable. She felt that she must speak; but she was frightened at her own voice, and she turned away and covered her face with her hands.

"You and I cannot meet as strangers, Anita—you know it," said Redmond. "I have not forgotten, and you have not forgotten."

"I promised my aunt," said Anita, brokenly, "that I would never see you again."

"I made no such promise," said Redmond; "but twice this day, when I have not sought you, when I have not expected to meet you, I have found you. Heaven wills it, Anita."

"There is Mrs. Tomkins, I hear her coming," said Anita, hurriedly, and struggling to

speak calmly; "meet her, oh, rise and meet her; don't let her notice me."

Basil obeyed, wondering in his heart why women were so much afraid of each other. It was very easy to keep Mrs. Tomkins from noticing Anita; she was so glad to see Mr. Redmond; so kind of him to call! And had he brought her the book she wanted?

Yes, Mr. Redmond had called purposely to bring her the book. He was very sorry that he had not received her note until too late the evening before to attend to her request; and all the morning he had been with Mrs. Stargold. He was now on his way to Basilwood, and stopped merely to deliver the book, and to point out to her a certain passage. By the time all this was done, Anita had recovered herself.

"Mrs. Tomkins," said she, rising, "I suppose you cannot show me that dress now; but I will call again."

"Oh, my dear Miss Anita, I beg a thousand pardons!" cried Mrs. Carl Tomkins, with effusion. "Mr. Redmond—excuse me; but you know Mr. Redmond."

"I know Mr. Redmond very well," said Anita.

"You know," said Mrs. Carl Tomkins, "I was dressing in my costume; I thought you could judge of the effect so much better; and just as I was ready to come down, the servant told me a gentleman had called; of course I had to dress again. I do hope you will excuse me."

"Oh, certainly," said Anita, "but I must go now."

She looked at Redmond as if she would have him remain behind; she even shook her head slightly; but he would not see, he would not understand.

"I promised my aunt," said Anita, when they were outside the gate, "that I would never see you again."

"So you told me a little while ago," said Redmond. "But you are bent upon returning to Basilwood, and it is high noon of summer day; you have no parasol, but I've an umbrella, and it is too heavy for you to carry; do you not see that I must go with you?"

Anita laughed rather nervously.

"Besides, Anita," he continued, eagerly, "was it just, was it reasonable, in Miss Hawkesby to exact any such promise? She noticed me in the most flattering manner, you know that she did; she was obliged to foresee the consequences, yet she encouraged me, only to disappoint me cruelly at last."

"You say that because you do not know my aunt," replied Anita. "She never encourages poor young men; but she always notices them flatteringly if they are at all clever. She likes clever young men, even if they are poor; but not for me. Did she not warn you over and over again that she would not see me wedded to poverty? My aunt is very conscientious about that; she deceives no one."

"She deceived me," answered Redmond, indignantly. "She did worse—she almost destroyed my faith in you. She might at least have let us have an explanation. I never should have understood; I should have thought you as cold, and selfish, and calcu-

lating as herself, but that we had friends to set the matter right in my eyes."

"Ah, Mr. Redmond, don't condemn my aunt by wholesale," said Anita, with something of her natural lightness. "You don't know what cause she has to rage against you. Before you came I was engaged to old Colonel McHenry. He was a very nice, middle-aged gentleman, you know he was; he had nice manners and a handsome wig"—Anita was beginning to be herself, or rather her other self, again—"and a very respectable barytone voice, that was so useful in a duet whenever by any chance he could hit the right key; and I never saw such horses! I never rode in such a carriage! They suited my aunt and me perfectly, and I promised to marry him. I didn't think ill of him; and he was desperately in love with me. Oh, I know what that means! He was able to show it. He gave me such a ring, and sent me every day the most costly flowers, cut by a florist, sir; and my poor aunt was so happy! I might have been Mrs. McHenry, glittering in diamonds, and riding in the easiest carriage that ever rolled an indolent woman over the beach at Galveston—and I should have been at peace with my aunt!"

"Poor Anita!" said Redmond; "what a pity that ever I crossed your path!"

"But you came," continued Anita, and her voice trembled and broke, "and—and—I found out that I did not wish to marry Colonel McHenry. I found out—"

"Anita, my dear Anita! three years have not changed you!"

"Yes—three years have changed me; you do not know. Three years ago I was at heart too true to marry Colonel McHenry when I found I did not, could not love him. I told him so; and he said he would take the risk. I told my aunt so, and she said I was a fool. I was only nineteen, and of course I was a fool!" she broke out passionately. "But," she immediately resumed, more calmly, "a fool may have a head too strong for the feeble body. My aunt is not bad-hearted; she desires my good, provided she may choose it. She became alarmed for my health, and we effected a compromise: she absolved me from my engagement to Colonel McHenry upon my giving a promise that I would never see you again."

"I do not think you are bound to keep it longer; if you were a child, then, in experience, you are a woman now. Anita, I am not a rich man; in all probability, I shall never be a rich man; but, in marrying me, you would not be wedded to poverty; I am young and strong; I could always secure you a comfortable home. Why should you submit longer to your aunt's tyranny?"

"You mistake," answered Anita, quietly; "my aunt does not tyrannize over me. She is very generous and indulgent to me; but we don't always agree. And then, again, I am not the same woman I was three years ago. You knew me very well then; would I have told you as much about myself then as I do now? You see I have learned not to care. Three years ago I could not bring myself to marry Colonel McHenry without love—not all his wealth could tempt me. But to day—"

"You would?" asked Redmond, bitterly.

"No," said Anita, very low, "I don't think I would. But don't misunderstand me," she added, quickly. "I would hardly be so frank if you were the cause. Do you know my little sister Joanna?"

"Yes," answered Redmond, rather stiffly. He thought the question irrelevant, and he was beginning to fear that, after all, this Anita, whom he thought he knew so well, was as heartless and as vain as the world believed her to be.

Anita brushed away a tear. "That child," she said, in a voice trembling with feeling—"that dear child loves me as no human being ever loved me. Nay; don't make protestations; I never doubted you. But you had some provocation; Joanna had none. I may have been gracious and charming to you; Joanna I utterly neglected; for years I forgot her; but, when I came, she received me with open arms. She has given proof that she could make any sacrifice for me; she has faith in me—she has restored me to my better self—if I have a better self."

"Joanna, then, is to be my rival?" said Redmond, with a hesitating smile.

"I rather think, if Joanna knew all, she would be your warmest advocate," said Anita, with a vivid blush.

"For Heaven's sake, then, let her know all!" cried Redmond, eagerly. "Has she any influence with Miss Hawkesby? What are you going to do about that promise? Anita! Anita! I cannot give you up! Think what it is to have found you again so unexpectedly."

Anita sighed, but was silent.

"We are at the gate," continued Basil Redmond, eagerly. "Shall I go in, or shall I turn back? Are you going to adhere to your promise?"

"You shall go in," answered Anita, promptly. "I will have no concealments. As to my promise—"

"It is broken already!" cried Redmond, exultantly.

"I will consult with Joanna. And see! there she is now, in the piazza, up-stairs, watching for me."

They had come round the bend in the walk, that brought them in view of the house; and Anita, looking up, kissed her hand to Joanna, who turned immediately and ran; but she was at the front-door when Redmond and her sister came up the steps.

"O Anita!" she cried, "Aunt Hawkesby has been so worried about you. She set me to watch; and I just stopped one moment to tell her that you've come, and Mr. Redmond with you, and a big umbrella. You haven't a headache, have you, Anita?"

"No, child," answered Anita, with a kiss. "I stopped this morning to see Mrs. Carl Tomkins, and I am commissioned to invite you to the charade-party."

"O Anita! this is too good to be true!" cried Joanna, clapping her hands. "And I did so wish to go!"

"Have you no word for me, Joanna?" asked Redmond, holding out his hand.

"Oh, yes! You've seen my sister, and I

am so glad.—But Aunt Hawkesby is very impatient, Anita. She says you must go immediately to her."

"Has she her head tied up, Joanna?" asked Anita.

"Why, yes—in a silk handkerchief," answered Joanna, with a look of wonderment at her sister's astuteness.

"A bad sign," said Anita, shaking her head. "She has eaten something to disagree with her.—I make it a point," she continued, turning to Redmond, "whenever my aunt sends especially for me, to inform myself whether her head is tied up or not. Every thing depends upon that. Unless I particularly desire to be refused, I never make any request of her when she puts on that silk handkerchief.—It is white, with a purple border, isn't it, Joanna?"

"Yes," said Joanna, with uneasiness; "but won't she be vexed if you keep her waiting?"

"Certainly she will," answered Anita, as she turned to go up-stairs. "That white-silk handkerchief with the purple border is her battle-flag. I know it well.—Good-morning, Mr. Redmond; I am much indebted for the shelter of your big umbrella."

"My sister," said Joanna, sedately, seeing that Redmond looked very grave, "indulges in—*persiflage*, sometimes. It is a way she has; but she has often told me that all she says is never to be taken seriously. I know, by my own dealings with Pamela, that young persons cannot always please old persons; but that does not mean that there is no respect nor affection between them."

"No; I suppose not," said Redmond, absently.

"You wish to see Pamela?" Joanna asked. "I will tell her that you are here." But she did hope he would not stay long. She herself wished to see Pamela about her dress.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MISS HAWKESBY TO THE RESCUE.

MISS HAWKESBY lay on the lounge with her head tied up in a silk handkerchief, as Joanna had said. She had a book in one hand and a fan in the other, and, from her bound-up head on the pillow to her slipped feet sticking out from her flowered dressing-gown, Miss Hawkesby looked stormy.

When Anita entered, "So," said she, looking at her niece over her spectacles, "you have come at last, Miss Anita Hawkesby? Well, and what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing; I don't feel like saying a word," replied Anita, sinking into a chair. "I'm worn out."

"Anita, don't aggravate me," said Miss Hawkesby, sharply. "I won't be aggravated!"

"No, aunt; I hope not," said Anita, meekly.

"You know very well that you deserve my displeasure. Where is your promise to me? Don't try to deceive me. You have seen Basil Redmond; Joanna has told me."

"If I had wished to deceive you," said

Anita, quietly, "I could easily have prevented Mr. Redmond from coming in. But you know very well, aunt, that, whatever faults I may have, I don't practise deception. Yes, I have broken my promise, and you shall judge whether or not I did it willfully. When I knew that he would be here, I staid away purposely; you can't suppose I did that for my own pleasure. You know how gay and agreeable the Ruffners are; when he came to see Mrs. Stargold, I came away with Mrs. Basil—"

"Yes, I sent for you," said Miss Hawkesby, tartly.

"I should have come away all the same. I stopped at Mrs. Carl Tomkins's; could I tell he would come there, too? He happened to have an errand there; he did not know that he would meet me. Mrs. Tomkins had gone out of the parlor, and we met, and we spoke alone. Aunt Hawkesby, you know the whole story that went before this; was it possible, after meeting him thus—was it possible for me to adhere to that promise?"

"What is he doing here? How does he happen to be here so opportunely?" asked Miss Hawkesby, angrily.

"Why should he not be here? You know that he is related to the Basils; that we were children here together for a little time; and you know that Miss Basil herself had charge of him in his childhood—"

"And I know," interrupted Miss Hawkesby, irately—"I know that he was a most unruly boy, giving old Judge Basil a world of trouble. Mrs. Basil herself has told me all about it."

"And you know," continued Anita, her color rising—"you know that, in spite of all odds against him, he is now a young man of promise. You know that he was no idle waif drifting about Galveston; you know that he was sent there on business of importance by a gentleman well known and well esteemed in California; that he had letters to the best people, and was well received everywhere."

"Well, well, Anita," said Miss Hawkesby, who did not wish to quarrel outright with her niece, "you needn't wax eloquent, though it does become you. It is three years since; in that time I hope you have learned some sense."

Miss Hawkesby was very comfortable at Basilwood; she didn't care to leave just then. She had intended to remain during the greater part of the summer, and not more than three weeks had yet passed. It wasn't pleasant to have her plans interrupted; and, besides, she doubted the wisdom of running away from danger. She hoped, she believed that she might trust to the judgment and discretion Anita must have acquired in those three years. Surely Anita must have learned some sense in that time; but she did not like the warmth with which young Redmond was defended, and it was no slight relief to hear Anita say, in reply:

"You know I always defend those who are attacked unjustly, aunt; I've gained quite a reputation in society for this amiable trait. And, for the rest, I hope I have learned some sense; I've had some useful lessons."

"Yes," said her aunt, not without bitter-

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ness, "you begin to understand now that I had always your good at heart. But I made one great mistake, my young lady—a mistake I'll never make again. I should have held on to Colonel McHenry for you. It was all your own fault, Anita; you wouldn't let me hold on to him for you—you, with your crude notions about honor and truth, and that sort of stuff, a mere cloak for childishness and willfulness—"

"Aunt," said Anita, coolly, "you talk so wickedly it is well there is nobody by to hear you but myself."

"You wouldn't let me hold on to him for you," pursued Miss Hawkesby, "and so he married that designing widow. You've been a great disappointment to me, Anita, a great disappointment; and I may thank Basil Redmond for it. I've little cause to like him. I can never go back to Galveston again, and I had so many friends there; but I shall never go there again where people say of me, 'Oh, Miss Hawkesby thinks herself so clever, and that little widow outwitted her at last!' You've been a great disappointment to me, Anita."

"I'm sorry, aunt," Anita replied, with a sigh; "but, indeed, if it is any satisfaction to you, I've been a disappointment to myself."

"It is a satisfaction in one sense, because I hope you'll profit by the lesson. You'll know better, now, I trust, than to throw away all your prospects in life upon any impecunious young man. Now, this young Redmond—I can't say that he is without merit; he had the civility, last night, to leave it for me to acknowledge our previous acquaintance or not, as I chose; and I chose not to do it; I wished to give him a hint as to the permanence of my sentiments. You must marry well, Anita; it ought to be a matter of duty with you. Now, how much longer are you going to keep our friend Mr. Merwin in suspense?"

"The venerable Mr. Merwin!" said Anita. "Oh, dear! the rich men are old, and the young men are poor; what an unequal world is this!"

"Anita, you are selfish and ungrateful!" cried Miss Hawkesby, angrily. "To what end have I dressed you, taken you about, and given you, at a heavy expense, every advantage in my power?"

"To the end that I might marry a bald old gentleman with a plenty of money," answered Anita, with *malice d'enfant*.

"Exactly so," replied Miss Hawkesby, ignoring the impertinence of this speech. "If a good match is offered you, you ought to be willing to get out of the way and give your sister a chance. You know very well I'm not able to keep you both in dress, and so forth."

"Ah, my poor little Joanna!" cried Anita, with feeling. "I ought to be willing to make some sacrifice for Joanna."

"I don't see any great sacrifice in a life of perfect ease and elegance," retorted Miss Hawkesby, sharply. "You'll never have such a chance again, Anita. And what can you do for yourself but marry a man of means? Why, you can't teach; you don't know any thing."

"No," said Anita, with humility; "I am very ignorant. For Joanna's sake—give me time to think about it, aunt; I would do much for Joanna. I stopped at Mrs. Carl Tomkins's this morning, and risked a long walk in the sun, solely for the purpose of making that woman invite her to that charade-party."

"You don't mean to say she hadn't invited her?" cried Miss Hawkesby, indignantly. "That comes of poor Joanna being out of the world and having no advantage."

"Oh, she has invited her now," said Anita; "and the question is—her dress. Joanna must have a dress."

"There it is, in the very beginning, you see!" cried Miss Hawkesby. "Of course girls must dress; and how can I dress two girls decently on my limited means? Joanna can't go into the world wearing your second-best things; it would mortify me, and ruin her opportunities. You see, Anita, the advantage it would give her if you were well married."

"But I can't marry between this and the charade-party, and meantime she must have a dress."

"Well, I gave her a white organdie—"

"But it isn't made; and you know that Miss Basil could not make it as it should be made."

"Heaven forbid that she should touch it!" ejaculated Miss Hawkesby. And thereupon she and Anita resolved themselves into a committee of ways and means; but the battle was not yet over between them.

Meantime, Joanna, after long and impatient watching, had at last the satisfaction of seeing Basil Redmond depart. The moment he was gone, she laylaid Miss Basil.

"Mela! Mela!" she cried, "I am invited to the charade-party! There is an opportunity, you see, for the white organdie! I surely have the best aunt in the world. What *should* I have done without that hat yesterday—and the scarf too—I'm sure I don't know. And now, here is this dress, the *very thing*! If I could only manage to have it properly made!" (This with a profound sigh.)

"Certainly, Joanna," said Miss Basil, gravely. "If you go into society at all, you should go well attired. It is fortunate that Miss Hawkesby gave you the dress; but I trust you will not place your hopes of happiness in vanities like these; otherwise I should think prosperity not to be desired for you until you should have learned to rule your spirit."

"O Mela, what has ruling my spirit to do with making my dress? As to my hopes of happiness, they all depend upon my having my dress made like Anita's silver-striped tissue."

"O Joanna, impossible!" cried Miss Basil, aghast. "Only consider, child, that dress of Anita's is so elaborate! I'll take the work in hand myself. Simplicity of attire—"

"Mela, I hate simplicity of attire! And I do admire elaborate things. Such ruffles! Such puffs! Ah, Mela, if you would but help about the flounces, Anita would show me how."

"Anita is certainly very kind to you,

child; kinder than I had supposed she would be. Anne Amelia Griswold, now—"

"O Mela, if you love me, don't name Anne Amelia in connection with my dress! She would be the ruin of it. Her gores do *dip* into such dreadful horns. Pamela, I don't wish to hurt your feelings, but really there is no comparison between the set of your dresses and Anita's."

"I believe you are right, child," said Miss Basil, with a strange flutter. "I think of sending my new black challis to be made in Westport."

Joanna stood for a second or two agape with astonishment.

"Yes; I think—I think—it would be well to do so—that is, if you can afford it," she stammered.

"Of course I can afford it," said Miss Basil, sharply. "Joanna, did you ever know me to do any thing extravagant?"

"No, Mela," replied Joanna, penitently.

"I have always considered money a grave responsibility," pursued Miss Basil, in a tone of injured innocence; "I trust I always shall do so, in whatever station of life it shall please God to place me."

"Yes, Mela," said Joanna, with simplicity. "Of course you will."

"I should never be tempted to spend my all on a trumpery picture," continued Miss Basil, virtuously.

"Ah, Mela!" interrupted Joanna, with a sigh.

"But I do hope and trust that my sense of duty would never forsake me under any circumstances; and I've always thought it my duty to encourage the industrious poor. If I send my dress to Westport, Anne Amelia's feelings might be hurt," concluded she, regretfully.

"But I shouldn't mind her feelings half so much as a good style of cut," said Joanna, ungrammatically, but very decidedly, being, like most very young people, quite callous where she was not ardent.

"She has just bought a new machine, too," continued Miss Basil, dolefully. "The thought of sending my dress to Westport did not originate with me—"

But here a knock at the door, loud and imperative, put a stop to the discussion.

"And so you are invited to the charade-party, Miss Joanna?" said Miss Hawkesby, upon being admitted. She looked formidable and aggressive, for she had not got the better of Anita, as she had hoped to do, and she had been kept knocking at the door longer than she liked. The sight of her made poor Joanna quake in anticipation of some insurmountable obstacle to her pleasure.

"I've been invited," stammered she, deprecatingly.

"I don't know what Mrs. Carl Tomkins could have been thinking of," said Miss Hawkesby, terrifically—and poor Joanna's heart stood still—"not to invite you at first; you are as much my niece as Anita is, and it is my pleasure that you should go."

"O aunt!" said Joanna, looking up with a grateful expression that charmed Miss Hawkesby, who, with all her worldliness, possessed more heart than the world was disposed to give her credit for. "I can wear

my beautiful white organdie you gave me," added Joanna, the soft color rising in her cheeks.

"As a winding-sheet, I suppose?" said old Miss Hawkesby, with grim humor.

"If Joanna would content herself with simple attire—" began Miss Basil.

"Ah, no, 'Mela,'" interrupted Joanna, with a groan.

"You surely would not be guilty of the folly of attempting to make such a dress yourself?" said Miss Hawkesby, turning to Miss Basil with a bellicose air. "Why, you do not understand dress! Now, I mean no offense, Miss Basil; I have a great esteem for you. You have trained up this child admirably; she is a good child, quiet, unselfish, and attentive, and, despite a few inevitable *gaucheries*, very well bred. I am aware that she owes all this to you; but I would like to have her owe something to me. Positively, I can't have you botching that dress, Miss Basil. It must go to Lebrun's. I'll write a note. I suppose that airy piece of a servant you call Candace can take it? Lebrun must send some one immediately to fit the dress; and we will go into town, before the affair comes off, to select any little extras that may be needed. I believe in dress, myself."

"O—h!" said Joanna; she could say no more than this; but Miss Hawkesby seemed content therewith, for she smiled and nodded, as she withdrew to write her note.

Miss Basil, feeling that a grave crisis had come, rose and laid her hands on Joanna's shoulders, saying, with portentous solemnity:

"My child, I hope you will not let this corrupt your heart?"

"*Corrupt—my—heart?*" repeated Joanna, with slow emphasis. "No; I don't think it can corrupt my heart."

When Joanna went up-stairs to tell the good tidings to Anita, she was shocked to see that her sister had been crying.

"Anita! Anita!" she entreated; "what is the matter? Are you ill? It was that walk in the sun. Let me get you something." It was odd to see how Joanna unconsciously copied Miss Basil.

"No, Joanna, I am not ill; and I am not crying. You never saw me shed a tear in your life; it was an optical illusion, remember."

"Whatever you please, Anita," said Joanna, bewildered; "but something is the matter!" Whereupon Anita put her arms around her, and began to cry afresh. "Is it because Mr. Hendall is gone away?" said this simple Joanna. "Anita, I am very, very sorry; but you know he will come back?"

"I don't know whether he will come back in my day," said Anita, the unaccountable, beginning to laugh. "But is that any thing to cry for, do you think? Mr. Hendall is very clever; he will do very well, if his aunt doesn't spoil a good civil-engineer by interfering to make an indifferent planter. That's none of my wisdom, understand; but it's what I've heard people of judgment say. I like him well enough; but he's not the kind of poor young man, you see, that I could cry for."

"O Anita! then you are going to marry that bald old gentleman?" cried Joanna, in a tone of awe.

"My aunt says I *must*," replied Anita. "Listen, Joanna"—and then Anita entered into an explanation of Miss Hawkesby's views and circumstances—her desire to introduce Joanna to her world, her inability to maintain two young ladies in society, and her anxiety to see Anita suitably married, that she might take Joanna under her wings.

"And you don't wish to marry him!" cried Joanna. "It shall never, never be! Let me see my aunt; I can make her understand. I will go to her this moment—"

"You will do nothing of the kind!" said Anita, pushing her into a chair. "You have heard Aunt Hawkesby's side of the story; now hear mine. Did I not tell you that I could not be sure I would sacrifice myself for you?"

"And you never, never shall!" cried Joanna, vehemently.

"Not in this instance, for it is impossible," said Anita, with decision. "And I will tell you why, Joanna." But Anita paused a long time, holding her hands clasped tight against her heart. She did not believe that it was wise to have confidantes; she knew that it was weak; she said, now, that she ought to be strong in her own strength and decide for herself; but she felt that there was no strength in her; and so she would tell this child her story. "Joanna," said she, at last, "you are in many things but a child, you have no knowledge of the world, you have no experience of life, but you are wise, because your heart is pure. Tell me what I must do." Then Anita told her story, which Joanna heard trembling from head to foot. But indignation against her aunt, sympathy for Anita, were not the only feelings that possessed her, nor the strongest. When Anita had made an end and asked, "Now, Joanna, tell me what I am to say to Basil Redmond in his poverty?" Joanna cried out, passionately:

"It is mean of him! It is mean of him, to come and take away Pamela first, and then take away you too! And Pamela won't like it either, you'll see!"

Anita laughed.

"Then you are in favor of the bald old gentleman, I am to suppose?"

"No, no, Anita," said Joanna, beginning to cry. "I—I—don't know—"

"You see," said Anita, gravely, "I owe a great deal to my aunt—I ought to please her. If I marry this man with money, I should please her; she would feel repaid for all she has done for me; and then, not only would she be able to do as much for you, but I too could do so much for you. This marriage of mine would be a great advantage for you."

"You are not going to marry him, are you, Anita?"

"On the other hand," continued Anita, "if—I ran away with Basil Redmond, for instance—"

"Oh, don't, don't, Anita! Think of Aunt Hawkesby. Think of Pamela."

"And think of myself!" cried Anita. "Now, I *might* be happy with him."

"O Anita! whatever will make you happy, let that be! I cannot see you unhappy; it would break my heart."

"Then think of my aunt—how ungrateful to her!"

"Yes, Anita; and she is so kind to both of us. Let us consider Aunt Hawkesby."

"But money can never make happiness, Joanna. Think of me, going about, a gilded misery!"

Then Joanna began to wring her hands in sore distress.

"O Anita! leave them both alone, leave them both alone. Cannot I suffice you?"

"Poor little martyr to 'a divided duty,'" said Anita, soothingly. "I don't know that you can 'suffice me'; I wouldn't like to say, positively, that you could, for your day, too, will come; but this I know, you shall be always dear to me. Whatever I may do, whatever step I may take, we will always be the same to each other. Shall we not, Joanna?"

"Anita, what are you going to do? Let me speak to Aunt Hawkesby?"

"No, Joanna, no; decidedly not," said Anita, frowning. "Forget what I've been talking about, if you can. Let us talk about your dress; is it not to be made at Lebrun's?"

"Yes," Joanna said, with a shy smile; "Aunt Hawkesby is so kind to me; but aren't you happy, Anita—are you not going to be happy?"

"Yes," replied Anita, laughing; "certainly I am."

BASIL'S FAITH.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BITTER FRUIT."

(From Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER III.

As a general rule, the instincts of life endure longer than the emotions; the feelings are fluctuating, but the minutiae of everyday existence stand firm like little rocks. Sorrow and joy, love and hate, transform our inward being; but the great landmarks of life, particularly of English family-life—breakfast and dinner, and the customs which envelop them—are invariable. The man's soul is greatly altered for better or worse; but the automatic action of putting on a pair of boots in a given time, in a given locality, stands as a certificate of identity.

One year, its completion being the 1st of September, 1874, had altered every thing at Broadmere Villa except its customs. The woman who had been suspected and spurned, ruled supreme over all its inmates; she had won her sceptre through a violent revulsion of feeling in her favor, and she had retained her sceptre and consolidated her empire through her gentleness, and sweetness, and loving self-denial, and that good sense which springs from a good heart. Further than this, her conduct outside this household of love had added greatly to her reputation; she had devotedly nursed the husband who had so cruelly maligned her character, through a painful illness, ending in death, which mercifully closed a worthless life. People said that death was a good thing for

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Tom Milburn, indeed the very best thing that could possibly have happened to him; and a good thing, to boot, that his wife should be free henceforth from such a husband.

But Clara Milburn did not desire to be free; freedom was a terrible burden on her soul. She shed many bitter tears at her husband's death; people marveled much, but misunderstood wholly. Clara Milburn knew too well what her freedom meant; she knew, though Basil Bradley had never uttered one word, or given one faintest sign of feeling, that he loved and worshiped her; she knew that a heart of gold lay hidden under a phlegmatic, matter-of-fact, every-day business existence; she knew that in course of time he would assuredly make her an offer. Oh! that kiss, which in her madness she had rightly called a kiss of shame and degradation! Oh! that letter, which she had written in her agony and despair! The kiss was a canker for evermore on her lips; the letter was an enduring testimony of her shame, and it lay in the hands of Captain Seton. Yet she had not fallen; Basil had saved her, pure and spotless, on that terrible evening! What matter, then, kiss and letter, if Basil loved her so deeply? It mattered, because he was true and noble; it mattered, because she felt she was unworthy of Basil's chivalrous love and admiration; it mattered, because it was not in the power of her nature to deceive, in one iota, the man she loved.

The sense of a larger charity had fallen upon Mr. and Mrs. Bradley. They had indeed, be it said to their credit, never erred with respect to the smaller charities of life—subscription-lists, to wit; nourishing soup, sage, and a stout, fruity port. But they did bitterly repent, that through abject fear of the world, and not from inward conviction, they had deserted such a woman as Clara Milburn; and if not in sackcloth and ashes, at least in devoted love and tenderness, did they signify their entire repentance. As for Martha, staunch as she had been to her own school of theology, she gave up Little Bethel, and took to the Church of England; and this wholly without solicitation, but simply out of blind love and admiration for Mrs. Milburn, whose very footsteps she worshiped. Indeed, she would probably have become a Mohammedan, a Jew, or even a Romanist—which would have been a far more difficult act of apostasy—had Mrs. Milburn belonged to either of those faiths.

But amid all this change of opinion and feeling, the breakfast-table stood as firm as a rock on this 1st day of September, 1874. The silver tea-kettle hissed and bubbled as, by stroke of the clock, Mr. Bradley poured the boiling-water on the tea; the man-servant, by long-enduring custom, extinguished the spirit-lamp and left the room, returning in due course, by the law of the same custom, with hot toast, kidneys, and the other addenda of an excellent breakfast-table; as between Mr. Bradley and the man-servant, the breakfast-table had become an absolute solemnity through prescriptive custom. If customs endure longer than feelings, the loss of customs is in most cases more painful than the loss of individuals: the man-ser-

vant loved and respected his master; but if Mr. Bradley had died, the recollection of that tea-kettle, with a toast-rack in sequence, would have been the *immortelle* consecrated to his memory in that man-servant's faithful heart.

As of yore, the gun-case had been placed on the small library-table; and, after making tea, Mr. Bradley flew to that much-loved object. He took out the barrel and fidgeted with it in the most loving manner; polishing the outside tenderly with his silk pocket-handkerchief, viewing the inside telescopically, and reveling in the inward sheen of the bright, spotless steel. On this 1st of September Mr. Bradley was gleeful and not desponding; once more he was to crouch among the delightful turnips, and behold his much-loved birds. And yet, withal, his glee was clouded with a sense of wrong—a chill, as it were, in the ruby of '34. Mrs. Bradley frowned upon the expedition, although Basil had trained the cob to stand as firm as a four-post bed under fire; but undoubtedly the solicitude of women is one of the sorest afflictions of mankind.

"Where the deuce was Basil? By Jove, they ought to be starting!"

Martha entered with Basil's bag, and placed it by the side of the gun-case. She had done exactly the same thing for years.

"Where's Mr. Basil, Martha? we shall be late."

"Master Basil is talking to missus in her dressing-room," rejoined Martha; and time, which had altered so many things, had failed to alter "Master" Basil into "Mister."

The fear of being late caused Mr. Bradley to be irritable and fidgety; but Martha, entirely siding with her mistress, did not sympathize with her master's love of sport; she was possessed, moreover, by an interest of her own—an interest of absorbing moment.

"If you please, sir," she said, with tears in her eyes, "Mrs. Milburn has just made this for me;" and she held up a white worsted cloud for Mr. Bradley's inspection.

"For you, Martha!" exclaimed Mr. Bradley, greatly bored.

"For the rheumatics, sir; she's always doing something kind by me. I think she does it because I was so unkind to her; she's the best and kindest woman that ever lived."

"I never said she wasn't, Martha," replied Mr. Bradley, peevishly.

"Please, sir, I never can help speaking my mind when anybody mentions her name."

"I didn't mention her name, Martha. I never do mention her name on principle," rejoined Mr. Bradley.

But the flood-gates of Martha's admiration were not to be closed.

"She forgave me all my wicked words, sweet dear; and she's taught me to be merciful and humble-minded, instead of being forward and stiff-necked. I don't mean the rheumatics, sir. She's an angel, if ever a woman was an angel."

"Experience answers the query in the negative," replied Mr. Bradley, with an inward chuckle, "so the assertion falls. Go and find Mr. Basil directly."

Martha obeyed, leaving the room with tears in her eyes. This exhibition of Martha's

feelings portended the advent of some great event, whereof Mr. Bradley was in utter ignorance.

"Dear, dear!" he exclaimed, with some irritation, "what a comfortable place this world might be if it wasn't for the good people in it! Goodness is so infernally aggressive. Just leave evil alone, and it won't scratch; but goodness is forever showing its claws. Clara Milburn's goodness has become a perfect nuisance. My wife, Martha, all the maids, worship her. Hang me if the admiration of women isn't more virulent than their antipathies! Why don't Basil come? Egad, if keenness for sport goes for any thing, I'm a younger man than my own son!"

At last Basil and Mrs. Bradley entered the breakfast-room; but, lackaday! this was not the joy of a sportsman on the 1st of September. Basil seemed strangely nervous and distracted.

"Come, my boy," exclaimed Mr. Bradley, with impatience, "get ahead with your breakfast; here, this pie's the stuff for straight shooting—ballast for the mind."

Mr. Bradley helped his son liberally; but, plague upon it, it was too hard that Mrs. Bradley should throw cold water upon his happiness by her unsympathetic manner!

"Hang it, Maria, it's no use, your looking so glum. I mean to go. The cob was sent over last night; and I won't be stopped, that's flat!"

"You won't be stopped by me," replied Mrs. Bradley; "I know that well enough. When men are bent on doing foolish things, it's no use for women to speak."

"But they *do* speak all the same," retorted Mr. Bradley.—"Hang it, Basil!" he exclaimed, with dismay; "don't sit up eating dry toast! You won't make your double shots on that sort of diet."

"All right, father," replied Basil, making an attempt on the pie.

"It's not all right," exclaimed Mr. Bradley, ruefully.

"How you do keep on bothering!" interposed Mrs. Bradley. "Let Basil eat what he likes, can't you?"

"Bless me!" retorted Mr. Bradley, "you're always wanting to stuff the things down the boy's throat. Perhaps it's that infernal money-market that worries. I'll read the money-article to you, Basil, while you eat; a quiet mind's the best trencher-man;" and Mr. Bradley took up the *Times*.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley. "Basil don't want to be bothered about money-articles."

"If he don't make a good breakfast, his shooting's done for," expostulated Mr. Bradley. "I know what sport is; nothing like it for making a man's heart beat, and sending his pulse to the deuce."

"Nothing, father?" rejoined Basil, with a significant smile at Mrs. Bradley.

"No, my boy," replied Mr. Bradley, seriously. "I've lived to my time of life—and I'm not a young man, remember—and I repeat, there's nothing like sport."

"Well, really," observed Mrs. Bradley, "I believe men are sometimes in love."

"That's true, as far as it goes," rejoined Mr. Bradley; "but, from what I *feel* at this

moment about sport, and what I remember about love, I maintain that sport is the worst thing in the world to set a man's heart beating; but mind you, Basil, whether it's sport or love, there's one maxim, eat a good breakfast, or you'll miss bird or woman—it don't matter which—by Jove you will!"

"Well, father, I'll do my best with the breakfast," answered Basil, with every desire to humor his father.

"Good boy! at it like a true sportsman—a slice of that ham!" and Mr. Bradley seized the carving-knife with zealous purpose.

Alas for Basil's breakfast! Martha passed the window, and, unperceived by Mr. Bradley, gave a significant nod to her mistress.

"Here's Martha, Basil," whispered Mrs. Bradley to her son.

Basil started up, and hurried into the garden.

"What the deuce is the matter now?" exclaimed Mr. Bradley, utterly perplexed.

"Dear me, can't you understand?" answered Mrs. Bradley, with a provoking smile of superiority.

"No, I can't," retorted Mr. Bradley, doggedly.

"It's as plain as a pikestaff," rejoined Mrs. Bradley.

"But I don't see the pikestaff."

"Once for all, then—Basil's in love!"

"Is he?" exclaimed Mr. Bradley, with intense surprise.

"Is he?" echoed Mrs. Bradley, in that peculiar tone of long-suffering contempt with which women, and especially wives, address the stupidity of men, and husbands. "Once for all, he is!"

"Not Clara Milburn, surely?" inquired Mr. Bradley, groping about in the darkness of his mind.

"Desperately," rejoined Mrs. Bradley. "Why, dear me, what have you been doing with your eyes all this time?"

"Eyes!" retorted Mr. Bradley, greatly nettled by his wife's manner. "Why, for any thing I could see, she's been as cold and indifferent toward him as he's been cold and indifferent toward her."

"Bless the man!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley, almost bursting with the force of ineffable contempt. "That's love!"

"Then it shows how much I must have forgotten," replied Mr. Bradley, with a dawning sense of humility.

"Do you suppose," continued Mrs. Bradley, with increased tone of superiority, "that Clara Milburn is the sort of woman to court a man? Besides, her hand has only been free these eight months. Decency, Mr. Bradley, if you please."

"But Basil," interposed Mr. Bradley, "why the deuce should he show so much indifference?"

"Diffidence, not indifference," replied Mrs. Bradley, with condescending pity. "Is Basil the sort of young man to press his suit at such a period?"

"Then why does he?" inquired Mr. Bradley, with increased perplexity.

"Bless me, Mr. Bradley, you'll forget your alphabet next!" Mrs. Bradley absolutely reveled in her sense of superiority. "I declare I must explain every thing.

Hasn't Mark Seton returned most unexpectedly from India? Hasn't Mark Seton been heard to boast that he's as good as engaged to Clara?"

"Has he?" exclaimed Mr. Bradley, with indignation. "Impertinent dog! that fellow marry our Clara? No; hang him! Why, old Seton is deucedly angry about his coming home. There's a screw loose in money matters. Old Seton has been consulting Basil; something queer, I'm afraid, though Basil's lips are closed."

"One thing is quite evident," observed Mrs. Bradley; "Seton came home as soon as he heard that Clara had been left that fortune. You know he's seen her frequently, and he's written to her as well. Martha hears that he has positively made a special appointment to see her this morning. I've told Basil, if he loves Clara, that he ought to speak out at once; it's a duty he owes to himself and to her. Poor boy, he's so dreadfully nervous! and just to think I couldn't stop you from worrying him at breakfast. Martha was to tell us as soon as Clara returned from her morning walk with Mabel. You'll like Clara to be Basil's wife?" added Mrs. Bradley, after a pause.

"That I should!" exclaimed Mr. Bradley, with enthusiasm; "the very wife for Basil. But will she accept him?"

"Not a doubt, if I can read a woman's heart."

"And you won't mind losing your son?"

"Not to such a woman as Clara. Besides, they won't live far off," replied Mrs. Bradley, with tears in her eyes. "Do you know, I was thinking of that house of the Wilsons, at Teddington. Such a lovely garden! such a beautiful drawing-room! such a sweet boudoir for Clara!"

Mrs. Bradley was delighted with the bright vision of wedded happiness which quickly rose before her eyes. As for Mr. Bradley, Nature had not intended him to soar amid the empyrean of love. She had denied him those pinions of the soul and other needful appliances, but in matters concrete she had endowed him liberally; in matters of house property and house value she had rendered him preëminently great, and, indeed, oracular, which was a clear proof of his greatness.

He hummed and hawed with cautious deliberation.

"Good, substantial-looking house, no doubt, but how about the drains?"

Mrs. Bradley was silent.

"How about the drains?" he repeated, solemnly.

Mrs. Bradley was vanquished.

"She'll make him a good wife, I know she will;" and Mrs. Bradley burst into tears.

But Mr. Bradley had regained his supremacy.

"Before every thing else," he added, with increased solemnity, "we must think about the drains."

Alas! as well for the empyrean as the concrete! the fabrics respectively of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley's creation were destined to be rudely destroyed. Clara Milburn had refused Basil's offer.

Basil entered the room with a feverish flush deep set in his cheeks.

"Come on, father, let's go;" and with trembling hands he took up the gun.

"But, Basil—" inquired Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, with almost breathless anxiety.

"Refused!" answered Basil.

"Refused!" echoed Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, in blank amazement.

"There's an end of it!" exclaimed Basil, in agitated voice; and he replaced the barrel in the case.

"But, Basil—" expostulated Mrs. Bradley.

"I can't talk about it, mother. Come, let's be off; it's very late."

"You won't go now, my boy, will you?" inquired Mr. Bradley, with some astonishment.

"Not go? of course I shall! it's no use making a fuss about these things."

"Let me speak to her, Basil," said Mrs. Bradley, with tears in her eyes.

"No, no, mother—"

"Let your mother speak to her, Basil," reiterated Mr. Bradley. "You wouldn't eat your breakfast. I said you'd miss your bird," he added, mournfully.

"It's no use, mother," replied Basil, decisively. "Do you think I'd have lost her for want of words?" He wished to be a stoic; he wished to endure his agony in silence; he wished to hide it from every living soul; but his feelings forced him to speak; he pushed the gun-case from him and threw himself into a chair. "It's what I've always felt," he murmured; "she's too good for me, a thousand times too good. I've seen a change in her conduct ever since that fortune was left her. Money wouldn't alter her character. There's something—I can't make it out. I shouldn't mind if she were going to marry some man really worthy of her; but, hang it, if she throws herself away on that fellow Seton, it's deuced hard to bear. I mustn't make an ass of myself," he added, striving to crush down his feelings.

"Does she refer to Seton?" inquired Mrs. Bradley.

"No, no; it's what he's said to me," replied Basil; "that he has a claim upon her hand."

"It can't be the old engagement," observed Mrs. Bradley.

"I can't tell," answered Basil, in painful perplexity; and then he started up in the utmost agitation. "By Heaven, she must not marry Captain Seton! I was never placed in such a painful position in my whole life; my lips are tied and bound. Don't let her marry Seton, mother!" he exclaimed with vehemence. "If you have any influence over her, try to stop that; beg and pray of her; promise me."

"Trust me to do my best, Basil," replied Mrs. Bradley, with deep solicitude.

"Don't say one word about me," he added, clasping his mother's hand; "that affair's settled and done, once for all. She's refused me, and that's the end of it. I shall be all right by the end of the day; a good tramp through the turnips'll put any man to rights. I'll bet I don't miss a bird after luncheon!—Sport's the thing, father, after

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all. Come along, we shall be awfully late;" and, seizing the gun-case, he hurried off into the garden.

"This is a bad business!" exclaimed Mr. Bradley, in desponding tone.

"What's to be done?"

"Go, by all means; any thing to get Basil out of the way. I'll promise to set the matter to rights, if I'm only left alone."

"I never felt so unhappy in all my life," continued Mr. Bradley, wiping his eyes. "Hang the birds! It's no use trying to shoot with a heavy heart. I shall stop at home. I ought never to have wished to go," he added, with self-reproach.

"Bless the man!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley, greatly irritated by her husband's suggestion. "Don't make a noodle of yourself, pray."

"I can't help feeling for that poor boy;" and Mr. Bradley wiped his glasses with fervor.

"You're alive and well at your age," retorted Mrs. Bradley, "and I believe I refused your hand once upon a time."

"Did you?" he exclaimed, with mild surprise; and then, after some reflection, he added: "Dear me! I recollect there was something of the sort. I suppose, though, one feels more for one's children, for I never remember feeling about myself as I feel now about Basil."

"You declared you should die, and a pack of stuff!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley, in a somewhat injured tone.

"Bless me! is it possible?" he answered, in a perfectly unconcerned manner. "Well, my dear, if you wish me to go, of course."

"I wish to be left alone with Clara all day. When you return it will be all right; that I promise."

"Take care you keep your promise, Maria. Hang it, I never felt so dismal in all my life." And, with a heavy heart, Mr. Bradley followed his son.

Mrs. Bradley quietly revolved the situation in her mind. "Basil has made some stupid muddle, I'll be bound. Men ought never to make offers, they are too clumsy for such delicate work. Ten to one, they manage to frighten a woman out of her wits. She don't know whether she's saying 'yes' or 'no;' and when 'no's' slipped out, through inadvertence, she sticks to it out of a stupid feeling of self-respect, though she's dying to say 'yes' all the time." Mrs. Bradley entertained no misgivings as to ultimate victory.

The interest which Martha took in Basil's offer was not one iota less than the interest of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley. She could not endure the strain upon her curiosity; on the departure of Mr. Bradley, she entered the breakfast-room suddenly, and without due pretext, and immediately burst into a flood of tears.

"What's the matter, Martha?" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley, greatly astonished.

"I do love Master Basil so," sobbed Martha; "it's very presuming, I know it is, but please, ma'am, is it all right?"

"All in good time, Martha," replied Mrs. Bradley, in a tone of reproof.

"I was afraid there was something wrong by Master Basil's manner when he started."

"All in good time, I repeat, Martha."

"She never could be so cruel as to refuse Master Basil," murmured Martha; and with fresh tears and scant comfort she returned to ponder over the mystery of love.

As on the previous 1st of September, so on this present 1st of September, Clara Milburn entered that breakfast-room with sad feelings; but their source was entirely changed. The two women who had wanted to expel her with ignominy were ready to fall on their knees to beg her to remain—to become the wife of the young man they had striven to shield from her pernicious influence.

"Mrs. Bradley, I want to speak to you. I suppose Basil has told you—" and Clara burst into tears. "It is necessary for me to leave this house."

"I hope not, my love," replied Mrs. Bradley, cheerfully.

"Of course, I cannot remain here now," urged Clara.

"We'll decide that presently, my dear."

"After having refused your son?"

"I refused Mr. Bradley—twice, I think—but I am Mrs. Bradley, nevertheless."

"I can never be Basil's wife—never," answered Clara, with all the firmness she could command.

"Take my word for it," replied Mrs. Bradley, smiling, and with thorough confidence in easy victory. "A woman's 'never' is not nearly so strong as a man's love. Basil's love for you is very strong. I am his mother. I know it."

"He must marry some young girl!" exclaimed Clara, fervently; "a bright, fresh spirit, untouched by sorrow; a heart which loves for the first time in its love for him; not a heart like mine, worn with anguish and misery. I am too old to marry Basil!"

"Nonsense, my love," answered Mrs. Bradley, with a pleasant laugh; "you're just the same age."

"In years, maybe; not in feelings."

"Believe me," continued Mrs. Bradley seriously, "Basil's feeling toward you is no light fancy—the influence of a pretty face and fascinating manners; you are the idol of his devotion—the embodiment of that high standard he has formed of woman."

"If he only knew me as I am!" she answered, with a shudder.

"Trust all that to Basil."

"And let him discover the truth when I am his wife? No, Mrs. Bradley."

"Doubt yourself, if you will," rejoined Mrs. Bradley, with emphasis, "but trust in him—trust in us. Pardon me for a moment, if I revert to the past. You came to this house a fugitive from lies and calumny—no woman could ever have been thrust into lower depths of contempt—and now there is no measure to the esteem and love we bear toward you. I once spoke very cruel words; I have striven to atone for them, have I not?"

"You have, dear Mrs. Bradley, you have;" and Clara pressed Mrs. Bradley's hand to her lips.

"And now I ask you to be his wife," continued Mrs. Bradley, in agitated voice. "I, his mother, ask you. Think what I ask!" she exclaimed fervently, and with tears in

her eyes. "O Clara, this world is very wicked! this life of ours is hedged round with all sorts of evil. I ask you to take the burden from my hands; to be the guardian angel of his life; to guide him as only a true, good woman can guide, and save a young man amid all these sore temptations. I confide his happiness and his welfare into your keeping. Can woman give a greater token of her confidence and esteem?"

Surely this appeal must win the victory. But, to Mrs. Bradley's amazement and dismay, there was no response.

"Speak to me, Clara dear, speak to me!"

"I dare not accept this trust," answered Clara, with averted face.

"You are worthy of it, as he is worthy of you!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley.

"No, no," she murmured, with painful utterance. "I dare not."

Mrs. Bradley's confidence and self-possession had wellnigh deserted her; one last chance remained, and she eagerly snatched at it.

"Clara, dear, is gratitude nothing? Think how his faith in you never faltered; how in his eyes, all through that wretched time, your character stood as high then as it does now; think how he forced that letter from your husband—how he brought Mabel back to you!"

"How he saved me that night!" she murmured to herself, with a pang of despair.

"In face of all this, can you tell me you don't love him?"

"O Mrs. Bradley, don't press me in this terrible way! I am bound to another."

"Bound!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley, with astonishment. "Impossible!"

"Irrevocably," murmured Clara. "Captain Seton!"

"Is Captain Seton to be compared with Basil?" asked Mrs. Bradley, in a tone of contempt.

"I am bound to Captain Seton."

"You must not marry this man, Clara; he is not worthy of you; his conduct has not been what it ought to be in money matters. Break with him at once—it is your duty to yourself—your child."

"I cannot!"

"Think well what you are doing," said Mrs. Bradley, by way of one last passionate appeal. "You'll leave us!—us, who love you so deeply! Basil, whose heart and soul are bound up in you! Have mercy on him—it will cast a blight over his future life! O Clara, it ought to be a great happiness for a woman to be loved and revered as he loves you! Say the word, my darling, that one word which will make us all so happy—our daughter—his wife!"

"If I dared—if I dared!" exclaimed Clara, starting up. "For mercy's sake, Mrs. Bradley, don't press me any more; I can never be Basil's wife." And Mrs. Bradley felt that she was utterly vanquished.

Nevertheless, the battle was not over; the lover had returned to renew the combat. Basil had indeed started with his father; but, after driving about a mile, he had turned the horse's head for home. He stood awhile at the window, watching his mother and Clara, but unperceived by them. Presently Martha

entered the room, with a gloomy face and tearful eyes.

"Please, ma'am, Captain Seton's compliments, and he would be glad to see Mrs. Milburn."

"Let me see him, Clara!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley. "Commission me to speak for you."

Would she had been free to do this! but, alas! there was no escape, no refuge. Basil's faith, which had saved her on that fatal evening, was powerless to save her now. "No, no, Mrs. Bradley," she answered, "I must see Captain Seton."

"Please, ma'am," exclaimed Martha, addressing Mrs. Milburn, in a voice half inaudible with emotion, "let missus see him, do! Oh, ma'am, don't leave us! I don't know what I shall do if ever you and Miss Mabel go away!"

Basil had heard Martha's announcement, and he entered the room. He did not heed their surprise, and he spoke in the hard, articulate tone of intense effort.

"Let Captain Seton wait. Mrs. Milburn will see him presently. Go, Martha." And Martha left the room. "I've come back," he continued. "I'd left something unsaid—I must say it now. Leave us, mother. I'll ring—I shan't be long—and then Captain Seton can come." Half awed by her son's manner, Mrs. Bradley left the lovers together.

As soon as they were alone, Basil addressed Clara in the same painful tone. Notwithstanding all his efforts at self-control, she could see how his whole frame trembled with emotion; but it was her punishment to be forced to torture the man she loved.

"You've said 'no' to my prayer, Clara; but I didn't tell you every thing. There was one thing I never meant you to know—had you said 'yes' to me, you never would have known it—but my love for you is so deep, that I dare not omit any thing which may turn the scale in my favor. O Clara!" he exclaimed, passionately, "you *must* be mine. Weigh us fairly in the scale, and then say if he has acted a better part toward you than I have—that he is more worthy of the reward than I am."

"My gratitude for all you have done for me can never be too great." But it racked her soul that, when he asked for love, she could only give him gratitude.

"Not gratitude," he answered, vehemently, "love—my love, which springs from admiration and esteem—my love, which is worship, if ever saint were worshiped. O Clara! I believed in you then, as the world believes in you now. I asked for no proof, I held only by my faith. That 1st of September, last year, I brought you the letter which saved you from being sent away from this house."

"You did," she answered, in a low, trembling voice.

"And I brought back Mabel. I told you I had had a long argument with Tom Milburn."

"You did!—that you had at last convinced him of my innocence."

"I did say that," he answered, "but it wasn't the truth!"

"Not the truth!" she exclaimed, with surprise. "Why, it was his letter!"

"Yes, his *own* hand," he rejoined, in a bitter tone—"written words." I did try to shame the truth out of him, that's true enough; but he only laughed at me, drove me half mad with his cursed insinuations, stung me to the quick with fresh lies against you. I left him, but he hadn't shaken my belief."

"Still, he wrote that letter," she urged. "I went to *that* woman," he replied, in deliberate voice, "and I bribed *her* with money to make him write it—bribed *him* with money to let me bring Mabel back to you. I had made money that morning in a lucky speculation—no matter the sum—they had it."

"What!" she cried, in utter bewilderment—"you believed in me, though he still persisted in that shameful accusation?"

"Innocent or guilty from his lying lips would have made no difference."

"Then your faith was all that saved me on that sad evening?"

"It was," he answered, proudly.

"And that faith," she continued, "was not converted into assurance until his solemn death-bed declaration?"

"It was not! O Clara! have I not deserved your love?"

"You have," she answered, passionately—the words flew to her lips—"would it were mine to bestow!"

"It is—one word."

"I dare not utter that word."

"Have mercy!" he cried; "don't trifle with me, I can scarcely bear myself;" and the tears were full in his eyes, and he knelt to her as she sat with face averted from him and hands hard clasped; and with broken sentences he urged his prayer.

"O Clara! if you are my wife, a vista opens of brightest happiness, every joy of existence bears a tenfold charm; if you are not my wife, every thing fades away, dark, unprofitable life; without a joy—be that sunshine of my life."

She made no answer to his words.

"O Clara!" he cried, in utter desperation, "can you say you do not love me?"

Could she say she did not love him?—this man who had pawned a lie on his faith in her honor—this man who had worshiped her with all the chivalry of ancient knight-hood!

"I do love you, Basil!"

As she spoke the words she rose from her chair, and started from him as she had started from Seton's kiss.

No need to start; those words she had spoken were in themselves enough for Basil—nay, too much for him to realize, too much for his heart wrought to such a pitch of painful tension.

"Thank God!" he muttered; and, though he was a true man, brave and manly with the best, he burst into tears.

How proud she could have felt of this power she held over the man she loved!—but pride was only anguish now—she flew to his side.

"No, no, Basil!" she exclaimed, in a voice of anxious expostulation; "I do love you, that's all I am able to say; wait till you have heard every thing. I can *never* be your wife!"

"What do you mean? don't torture me," he answered, in a piteous tone.

"It's my fault," she rejoined, in broken sentences; "I've prayed that you might not love me. I have striven to be cold toward you, and all the while my heart was burning with love. I ought to have left this house, but I was too weak for that; my love kept me spellbound here."

"For God's sake, what does all this mean?" he exclaimed, in wellnigh savage voice; he could endure the terrible strain no longer.

"It means that the saint you have worshipped is a weak, miserable woman."

"This is folly," he answered.

She went to the bell and rang it.

"Captain Seton will come!" he exclaimed, in amazement at her act.

"He must come," she rejoined; "he is concerned in this affair."

"Come what may," he cried, in increased astonishment and anger, "swear you will never marry that man."

"I will never marry him," she answered.

"I do swear that!"

Basil was about to withdraw.

"You must stay, Basil; it will soon be over—very bitter, but short."

So they waited for Captain Seton; and Basil saw her change from the woman he had loved into the woman of that September evening—rigid figure, countenance of painful tension, and eyes of hard, scornful gaze.

Seton entered the room.

"I have sent for you," she exclaimed, on the moment of his entrance, in a tone of contempt and abhorrence.

"We are not alone," he observed, turning to Basil.

"Designedly," she answered. "Mr. Basil Bradley has made me an offer—he has full right to hear all that I say to you. You assert that you have a claim on my hand?"

"I do, Clara; a prior claim to all else—the strongest claim a man can have."

"But if Mrs. Milburn chooses?" interposed Basil.

"She has no liberty of choice," rejoined Seton, calmly; "she has bound herself to me by an act she cannot cancel."

"Monstrous!" cried Basil, nettled by Seton's manner.

"I did not come here to bandy words with Mr. Basil Bradley," answered Seton, in a tone of contempt.

"No!" exclaimed Clara, interposing with rapid utterance between the two men; "you came here to enforce a threat on me; you came here to boast that you had it in your power to drag me down to your own level; to declare that I was worthy of you. You have that power; exercise it now."

"What do you mean?" asked Seton.

"Read that letter," she replied.

"That letter!" he exclaimed, with surprise.

"That accursed letter," she answered, deliberately.

"Which I have never revealed to a single living soul."

"Which you have kept carefully to torture me," she rejoined, bitterly. "You have threatened me with its publicity if I ever

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“Have mercy on yourself!” exclaimed Seton.

“I have,” she rejoined; “truest mercy—I destroy your power over me—read it.”

“No,” he answered.

“Afraid!” she cried, contemptuously. “You would not have been afraid to send a copy of that letter to Mr. Basil Bradley. What! twice a coward?—ready enough to sin in secret—ready enough to malign in secret—not brave enough to do it openly!”

“Mrs. Milburn!” exclaimed Seton, in a tone of menace.

Basil started forward; Clara waved him aside.

“Read, I say!”

“I refuse,” answered Seton, doggedly.

“Then I must read it myself.”

“I possess the letter,” rejoined Seton.

“I possess the copy you sent to me.” She drew the letter from her pocket. “This letter is dated the 1st of September, 1873, nine o'clock at night,” and with low but intensely clear articulation she read the contents: “Mrs. Bradley, you have branded me with guilt; before you receive this letter the accusation will be true. You, and all your household, have condemned me; before you receive this letter the condemnation will be justified. I leave this house with Captain Seton. No doubt of guilt now! Yours faithfully, Clara Milburn.”

While she read the letter Basil shrank away, and, almost blinded with agitation, staggered to a chair.

“Tell him the rest,” she exclaimed, fiercely; and for the moment Seton quailed before her gaze as he had quailed before; “tell him how you kissed me that night. No, no!” she cried, in a half-hysterical laugh—“tell him that I told you to kiss me; you wouldn't have dared else to defile my lips. So, Captain Seton,” she added, tauntingly, “you are harmless now. The one being who in my eyes outweighs the whole world—the one being who believed in me when the whole world turned aside—the man I revere and love, is lost to me forever! All that makes life worth living—all joy, all happiness—all is destroyed—wrecked! Go and blazon that letter about as you will—fling the story broadcast—it can do me no more harm.”

“Enough of thisrodomontade!” exclaimed Seton; “don't blame me for this mad conduct; you might have kept the disgrace a secret, and married Mr. Basil Bradley, if you had chosen.”

“I might have bought the letter from you for so much money,” she answered, with intense scorn; “I might have married him, and left it for you to boast that the delay in directing an envelope had saved the wife of Basil Bradley from being the companion of Captain Seton. No! better he should learn the truth in time, and be saved from such disgrace. I won't detain you any longer,” she added, contemptuously; “you can go! Remember, the worst is done. I repeat, make what use you like of that letter—it can do me no more harm. Good-morning, Captain

Seton!” and she bowed to him with a courtesy which marked her contempt and scorn.

Seton turned to go with an embarrassed air—crestfallen, like a beaten cur.

“One word, Captain Seton!” exclaimed Basil, starting from his chair.

“What do you want, sir?” asked Seton, turning savagely on Basil.

“Basil!” exclaimed Clara, in a tone of deprecation.

There was no cause for apprehending any fracas. Basil was now thoroughly master of himself; he belonged to that order of men who, face to face with a great catastrophe, are perfectly calm.

“It is only a matter of business, Mrs. Milburn,” he replied, quietly. He threw an emphasis on the words “Mrs. Milburn.” She understood only too well the meaning of that emphasis, and shrank away from him.—“Your uncle, Captain Seton, has confided to me the arrangement of certain business matters on your behalf—certain bills—”

“Curse it!” muttered Seton, between his teeth.

“We will, if you please, discuss the matter outside,” continued Basil. “I will follow you, Captain Seton;” and Seton and Basil entered the garden.

Well, it was all over—the terrible moments had come and gone. She had been true to herself; she had not in one jot deceived the man she loved; she had told him every syllable of the bitter truth. But Basil!—all her thoughts flew to Basil. When she remembered how he had loved and honored her beyond all measure of common love and honor, she felt how terrible the blow would be to him.

“Basil, poor Basil!” she cried, and the tears she could not shed before filled her eyes; “how you'll suffer—and my love, which could have soothed every sorrow of your life; my love, which could have lulled every pain; my love must be thrust out, and you must bear this sorrow alone. I have erred, I must bear the torment; but he has not erred, why must he suffer? Oh, tell of innocence to be linked in love and sympathy with guilt! Let him find some noble woman, who may build up the faith I have destroyed—who may raise again the noble standard trampled beneath my feet.”

And with her thoughts still centred upon Basil, Basil returned from the interview with Seton.

He addressed her in wellnigh his ordinary, matter-of-fact, business manner.

“I have brought you that letter, Mrs. Milburn.”

She started up at his voice, and he placed the fatal letter in her hand.

“Thank you, Mr. Bradley!” she answered, with averted head. “The venom has been expended.”

“I thought perhaps for Mabel's sake,” he rejoined.

“I had forgotten her—the second time in my life—fatal, both!”

“Have no fear of Captain Seton,” he continued; “I have effectually sealed his lips. Fortunately, I had the power.”

“Thank you!” she murmured, in a low voice. “I dare not trust myself to speak.”

“Good-by, Mrs. Milburn,” he said, briefly; and he turned from her. She lingered near him. “Don't let me detain you; good-by.”

“Good-by,” she muttered, faintly, and she retired toward the door. He thought she had gone, and he threw himself heavily on the sofa, and buried his face in his hands.

She felt it was all over—she knew she must go; she meant to leave the room—to leave the house forthwith—but the volition of the heart was stronger than the purpose of the head. She flew back to the sofa; she threw herself on her knees, and clasped his hand with the desperation of drowning agony.

“Have mercy, Basil! I was mad when I wrote that letter—mad, writhing under a sense of horrible injustice, cruelty, scorn; mad, for degradation seemed the only sorry spite I could fling in the face of the world; mad, for all faith had gone in Heaven's justice or man's mercy. I was thirsting for some sympathy, some support, some kindness—no matter where—but I never loved him! When I said I would fly with him, it was hate and defiance, and a desperate feeling that death would come quickly and end it all. O Basil! you could worship me when I stood, as you thought, a saintly being, superior to all trial, all temptation! pity me, now that I have proved myself a weak woman—conquered, not conqueror—but not guilty—not guilty! No, thank Heaven! saved by you! Not guilty, not fallen—because I can cling to you, and pray for mercy, and clasp your hands with mine. Oh, it would be as noble to look down with love as to look up with admiration! I do love you, Basil; I have veiled my feelings with silent unconcern and studied coldness, all the while treasuring every little word you uttered—every glance—every look. I said to myself, ‘I must love him in my own heart, though I can never be his wife.’ O Basil! is there no hope, no joy for me? must this joy, which has begun to dawn at the end of dreary years of misery, be hidden by darker clouds? I knew this day must come. I thought I could mask my sorrow with calmness, and steal away in silence; but I never measured the agony which racks me now. Forgive me, if you can. Love me, Basil! dear Basil! If you cannot love me, I must die!”

His hands were marked, and red, with the convulsive clasp of her fingers.

Mrs. Bradley entered the room, followed by Mr. Bradley.

“Clara!—Basil!” exclaimed Mrs. Bradley.

She started to her feet at the voice of Mrs. Bradley, and Basil also rose from the sofa.

“Don't tell them, Basil,” she whispered, beseechingly, in his ear; “it will kill me.”

“We saw Captain Seton go,” said Mrs. Bradley. “Oh, tell us it's all right now!”

“Have mercy on me, Basil,” she whispered, in agonized accents; “don't speak till I have left this house. I cannot endure the shame before them.”

“Well, Basil, is it all right between you two?” urged Mrs. Bradley, in anxious voice.

“Yes, mother, it is all right,” answered

Basil; and he took Clara's hand in his: "Your daughter!"

"Basil!" she cried, in her amazement.

"My wife!" he added; and he drew her toward him.

"What love, and trust, and faith!" she murmured.

"My wife!" he repeated, with emphasis.

She burst into tears, and would have fallen to the ground, but he held her in his arms.

People said that Mrs. Basil Bradley worshiped her husband; nor were they wrong in this affirmation; people also said that Basil Bradley worshiped his wife, and she was worthy of his worship; and most joyful of all thoughts of his inmost heart was the thought that, when the bright stone of honor was dim with temptation, his faith alone had saved a woman, who was indeed a precious jewel among women, in finest and noblest qualities of womanhood.

BOW-SHOOTING WITH A HERMIT.

WE were scarcely aware of the coming of a squall till it struck us and reversed our sail, as a side-flaw almost always does when an incompetent person is at the helm. I remember that the boom struck me a sharp rap on the head as it swept round, and in a moment we were driven upon the sand-bar and our boat capsized. We had barely time enough to snatch up our bows and leap out before this occurred, and then a big wave swept over us with great force, landing us all in a heap on the bar, where it left us high and out of water, but by no means dry. Our boat must have foundered, for we never saw it again. We all had presence of mind enough to leap up and run to a point above the reach of the next wave.

Will had lost his quiver with all his arrows in the struggle, and Caesar, our negro man-of-all-work, had allowed the sea to swallow our haversack, provisions, and all. My arrows, however, thirty-four of them, were safe at my side, and our bows were uninjured notwithstanding the water, they having been oiled that very morning.

"Now look what you've done, Caesar!" cried Will, in stentorian tones, addressing the already terribly-frightened African. "Look what you've done, you black scape-grace! Why didn't you keep the boat before the wind? I've a mind to thrash the ground with you!"

"N—n—neber m—mind, Mars Will; I—I's done kill a'ready!—neck broke for sho! Ki, what a bref ob wedder dat was! Dis ohile not gwine stan' 'sponsible for sich out-dacious oncommon whirly-gusts as dat, I tell you now!"

After this little word-passage we all three stood gazing stupidly at each other, the wind almost lifting us from our feet, and the water streaming down our persons. It may as well be understood that we were in a rather startling predicament, literally "cast upon an uninhabited island" with no boat in which to leave it, and with not a soul in the world likely to search for us. But I do not desire

to appear sensational in writing this matter-of-fact sketch, and I am sure that, after the first excitement of our shipwreck had subsided, we took our disaster in very good part. In fact, Will laughed immoderately, and, if any one of us was really frightened, it was Caesar. Nevertheless, the predicament remained. Our camp was some five miles away, on the main-land, and hidden from our view by a cluster of diminutive islands. Our boat was gone, and there we stood three as utter exiles as ever storm had banished.

The gale was most furious for an hour or so, and then it subsided almost as suddenly as it had risen. We sat down upon the sand to rest after our struggle with the elements, our faces to the sea, and our backs toward the frondous tuft of trees crowning the central swell of the island. The waves were singing a grand song, and flinging up their white hands as if keeping time to the music. The sun was barely above the eastern horizon, and now, as the clouds broke away, he threw athwart the rushy islands and the heaving waters a flood of soft splendor not unlike that of a Northern Indian summer. A few white gulls flew wildly about, drifting down the wind, and skimming the summits of the white-caps. The pleasant exhilaration attendant on adventure took possession of me, and as I sat there, with the roar of the sea dinning in my ears, I thought of Selkirk and Robinson Crusoe, and half wished that some of their experiences might befall us.

We looked in vain for any sign of our boat. Not even a splinter cheered our eyes. Far southward once I thought I caught sight of a sail, but I was not sure. We all remained silent a long time, and I had just begun a study of Caesar's lugubrious profile when Will, the most practical of men, suggested that we might find a pleasanter place to discuss our accident by an exploration of our island. This started Caesar from his reverie, and, getting upon our feet, we took our way along the ridge of sand toward the timbered part of the hummock, a half-mile west of us. The water "slushed" in our boots, and the sand made our progress very toilsome, but we persevered, and soon entered a rushy tide-swale, through which we floundered to a gentle slope strewn with tufts of Spanish bayonet and occasional palm-trees. Toiling up this slope, we came into a beautiful grove of palmettos, set on a considerable bluff overlooking a calm stretch of land-sheltered water, beyond which lay the low line of the Florida coast. The sun was now high enough to begin to heat the air, and at Caesar's suggestion we took off our clothes, wrung the water from them, and hung them up to dry. Having no change of garments, we had to lie around quite naked till nearly noon before the sun and wind had done their work sufficiently. This was just to Caesar's taste, and he sought out the sunniest spot to be found, where he stretched himself at full length, and slept that oleaginous sleep that only a negro can know, with his face half buried in the hot sand. As for me, I managed to dry some tobacco, and, going out on the nose of the bluff, sat down under a bushy pine and lighted my pipe; for, thanks to my box, my matches were uninjured. From this

position I could see a long crescent of the island, fringed with rushes and tall, flag-like grass, and here and there densely wooded, running close between two smaller bars that seemed barely disconnected from the mainland. Large flocks of water-fowl, sweeping down at a certain point between two tufts of forest, told me plainer than words could that a sheltered estuary thereabout offered a feeding-place for the birds, and I felt sure of some rare sport if the spot could be reached. But how to reach it? In my then condition the question was too abstruse for me, so I contented myself with watching the broad, liberal face of the water smiling so sweetly and benignly back at the now cloudless and peaceful sky. Through the thin wreaths of smoke floating up from my pipe, I had a dreamy vision, for a time, of day splendors parted into fine, gossamer-like shreds, and then I fell into a sweet slumber, lying there nude as Adam before his fall, with the salt breeze blowing over my free limbs, and the song of the sea gently pouring through my dream.

"Boat ahoy!"

I turned in my sleep and half awoke.

"Boat a—ho—y!"

I sprang to my feet. The sun was almost to the meridian, and the sea was like a sheet of glass. Will and Caesar had tully dressed themselves, and, having tied my shirt to a long stick, the latter was waving it frantically, while the former shouted at the top of his voice—

"Boat a—h—o—y!"

And presently there came a thin, clear shout in response, from a long, low skiff, which, with a single individual as captain and crew, was hugging the dusky fringe of a marsh a half-mile away.

I picked up my pipe and ran down to my companions as I saw the little vessel set her prow in our direction, and got into my clothes as quickly as possible.

"Capital luck—capital luck!" cried Will. "We'll hire the fellow to take us back to Berkley's!"

The man pulled toward us very leisurely, and when he had come to within a bow-shot of us, he backed his oars, and swinging a heavy double-barreled shot-gun across his lap, called out—

"Well, what's wantin'?"

"We want to get away from here," cried Will. "We were caught in the squall this morning, and had our boat wrecked, and we're here in a sort of tight fix!"

"Well, who are ye?" was the response, in a half growl, the tones of which rasped across the water like a file. He bowed his head as he spoke, as if in deep thought.

"We're a party from over at Berkley's," I answered, "and we want to get back there. We'll pay you well for your trouble if you'll pull us over."

"What's them you've got in yer hands?"

"Long-bows."

"What d'ye say?"

"Bows—bows and arrows."

"Things to shoot with?"

"Yea."

We heard the fellow mutter something as if to himself, and then he let go a roar of

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laughter that set his boat to rocking, and fairly startled us with its suddenness and intensity.

"Bows an' arrers, did ye say?"

"To be shuah," put in Cesar; "to be shuah, and dey out-shoot yer blame ole shot-gun, too, I tell ye now!"

The man laughed again, and then taking his oars he pulled up, and very promptly came ashore. He was a little, wiry fellow, sixty years old, perhaps, but apparently none the worse for wear. His hair was stiff, long, and iron-gray, as were also his beard and eyebrows. He was dressed in a shirt and trousers of coarse cotton cloth, resembling ordinary bed-ticking, and had on an old, greasy otter-skin cap. His feet were clothed in a sort of moccasin-boot, evidently of his own make. His shot-gun, a very long one, was of fine English manufacture, number ten gauge, and of about thirteen pounds weight.

"Well, well, how d'ye all do?" said he, looking curiously from one to another of us, and letting his eyes at last fix themselves upon Will's six-foot-six-inch snakewood bow, a beautifully-finished weapon.

We responded very civilly, and proceeded to more particularly relate our disaster and the nature of our predicament. He listened apparently with much interest. When the story was finished, he winked at me and said:

"Got any terbacker 'bout yer ole clothes?"

"Ole clothes!" repeated Cesar, with a chuckle. "Like to know what'm call good clothes—yah, yah, yah!"

I promptly offered my pouch, but found that it was chewing-tobacco he wanted.

"Here, Cesar," said Will, "out with your dog-leg, and let this gentleman have a chew."

The negro good-naturedly obeyed, producing a long black twist of Old Virginia.

"That's the document," cried the man, delightedly—"that's the document, darkey. We'll jest divide this 'ere weed right here." So saying he drew a large knife and severed the twist, handing back to Cesar about one-third of the smaller end thereof. Then depositing an enormous quid in his mouth, he added:

"That's the cl'ar stuff, darkey, cl'ar stuff. Thanky, boy, thanky."

Cesar grinned confusedly, seeing how his store of precious creature comfort was diminished, but made no remark.

"I s'pose you've not got no sich thing es a flask of the j'yful juice, nor nothin', eh?" (another knowing wink).

I replied that unfortunately we had nothing of the sort.

"Well, well, that can't be help, I s'pose, but a drop of the stuff wouldn't be onwhole-some, 'bout now," he added.

"The next thing," said Will, "is to get you to pull us back to Berkley's. What do you say?"

"Well, I don't know. It's too hot jest now. We mought as well lay around in the shade here till toward evening an' talk the matter over. It's a good ten miles from here to Berkley's, an' I'm not gwine to try that ag'in both wind and tide, an' right in the heat of the day, too."

"But will you agree to take us? We're in no hurry to be off, that I know of, excepting that we might get rather hungry."

"Never mind about something to eat," said the old fellow. "I've got grub enough for us all in my hamper yonder. Br'iled fish, duck, an' a little bread, an' a few oranges. S'pose we can make out, 'thout you're too uncommon powerful feeders. As for takin' ye over to Berkley's, s'pose I can do it, seein' yer in a fix. But the main thing with me about now is to know what in the world you'ns is a doin' away out here, a playin' round with these here bows and arrers!"

There was a smack of genuine curiosity in his voice and manner which I could not refrain from respecting. So, while we lounged in the shade, I took pains to relate to him many of my pleasantest adventures, "by field and flood," with the long-bow. He listened with the quick, sincere interest of a child, and by the time the tide had turned I had evidently won both his respect and admiration. When we had eaten his food, which proved very palatable, and, having struck a bargain with him, were on the point of embarking in his skiff, he suddenly proposed that, as it was a long pull to Berkley's, we should go to his cabin on a neighboring island, for the night, and proceed to Berkley's in the morning. As if by way of sauce to this suggestion, he said that we could take the estuary before mentioned in our way, and have an hour or two of grand sport shooting wild-fowl. Nothing could have better pleased us. The proposition was quickly accepted, and five minutes later we were in his stanch boat sweeping at no mean speed down upon the wooded crescent that flanked the feeding-place of the wild-fowl.

The old man, as he pulled us along with slow, steady strokes, told us that he was living just the sort of life that pleased him. He was as happy as he desired to be. He had a little "place" over on the island yonder, a few orange-trees, a garden-spot, some bananas, some fig-trees, and a few other comforts suited to his mode of life. For the rest, he hunted and fished, and took the world easy. He didn't see any use of people rushing and racing after wealth, when contentment and ease were so much more preferable. How long had he been living here? Thirty years! Was at the point of death with consumption when he came—from Tennessee, I believe—and now see how hale and strong he was for one of his years!

We drew on, and, passing round the sickle-like point of the crescent and through a narrow way between high walls of rushes, swept into a singular, pond-like place, where tufts of tall grass dotted the surface of the water, which was literally alive with fowl. I shared my thirty-four arrows equally with Will, and when every thing was ready, the sport began. The old man refused to fire a shot. It was good enough for him to watch our display of archery, and this was uncommonly sharp at times. In fact, we never did better work than on that evening. Some half-accidental wing-shots resulting from letting drive through a bunch of ducks as they rose from the water, particularly pleased our boatman, and when I clipped a red-head through a quartering

shot over fifty yards of water, he clapped his hands and most emphatically and profanely praised both my skill and my lemon-wood weapon, which latter was the first of the kind I had ever tried, and proved to be a marvel of elasticity and power.

Part of the time I took my stand on a low tussock, keeping well hidden in the high grass, whence I had some beautiful shots at short distances, scoring a number of charming hits, but losing arrows so rapidly that presently, to my surprise, I had but seven left. After this, I took none but fair chances and shot with great care. My companions in the canoe kept drifting slowly around here and there, continually driving the birds to me, and if I had had a fresh sheaf of arrows, I could have killed scores. I was astonished to find them so tame. Quite often when I knocked one over, its companions would, instead of flying away, swim curiously round about the fluttering victim. This is one of the beauties of hunting with our weapon. When you shoot it makes no report. The short, dull sound of the bow's recoil can be heard but a little distance, and the sharp whisper of a well-sent arrow is not of a character to frighten game. When we left that estuary, it was yet literally moving with fowl, though we had killed a great number. If so many shots from a fowling-piece had been fired there, not a wing would have remained! The mere noise itself would have driven them away.

We had lost all our arrows when, at about an hour before sunset, we slipped out through the narrow channel and pulled away for the low-lying island, close in to the main-land, upon which our boatman lived. A steady pull of perhaps three-quarters of an hour, over a blue, peaceful sheet of sea, brought us into the mouth of a slender creek, cutting with a graceful curve into the heart of the island. This was our way. We looked beyond a point of marsh to our left, and saw the sun like a mighty ball of red-hot metal just touching the far limit of the glorified sea, and then we passed into the cool shade of trees, that made a charming twilight, and soon we ran alongside of a pretty sail-boat lying at anchor in the creek, putting to shore where a flight of wooden steps led up a little bluff.

The old man bustled out and helped us ashore with our game, after which he led the way up the steps to where a broad path curved into an inclosure whose fence was a hedge of magnificent old orange-trees.

"Here's my possessions," he said, and, bidding us follow him, he walked rapidly along the path, drawing us into an orchard of some six hundred orange-trees in full fruit, passing through which we came into a garden of bananas, hedged with dusky fig and lemon trees. Beyond this still, and fronting a stretch of open sea, stood a low, rambling house, of five or six rooms, built of round logs. Neatness and comfort everywhere. We were met at the door by a pleasant-looking old lady, our boatman's wife. A married son with his wife and three children dwelt here, too—a family of hermits, from whom we had more than royal welcome. The old man grew more interesting as we be-

came more familiar with his peculiarities, and both he and his household seemed delighted to have us for guests. I took great pleasure in answering the multitude of questions asked by old and young, sitting up till far into the night describing places I had seen and adventures that had befallen me in my rambles. I can think of nothing more romantic than the situation and circumstances of this isolated home on a wild island of the semi-tropics. Evidently it was a place of perfect peace and contentment, where sickness was unknown, and where the good or the bad effects of what are called refinement and culture had scarcely been heard of. Year after year they had lived there among their orange, lemon, and pomegranate trees, their bananas and figs, with no wants beyond the ready power of unaided Nature to supply, happy, healthy, and with nothing like real labor to do. I think they would have willingly set up the entire night listening, with all the sincerity of children, to such scraps of incident and adventure as I could call to mind and relate for their amusement. Such utter simplicity would be hard to imagine if one had not witnessed it.

That night we slept on dry, sweet beds of cured moss. As for me, my dreams were of an island-home embowered in tropical fruit-trees, where I dwelt in the bosom of my family. Next morning we were taken out in the sail-boat, and had a charming voyage of two hours to Berkley's.

When we reached Berkley's, nothing would do our old friend and his son but to have Will and me take a fresh supply of arrows and go back with them for a week's sport. So urgent and so evidently hearty was this request, that we complied, and that very evening found us again at the quiet old home on the island. We tried to make up for such hospitality by loading the boat with a host of things we thought might be acceptable to the family, taken from the store we had established at Berkley's, among which were a set of delfware, some knives and forks, and a small box of plug-tobacco. I shall not give the name of this illiterate but honest and charmingly hospitable family, and my reason is easily understood. They are living there in that lonely home this day, and if their simple trustfulness and generosity and their exact place of residence were known to the host of tourists and rambling, "dead-head" bores that every winter flock to the South, their peaceful retreat would soon become, to those ignorant but gentle hermits, unendurable.

It is not the purpose of this paper to give a detailed account of the many delightful adventures that befell us during the eight days that we had our headquarters at "Hermit Home," as Will has ever since called the place. The old man and his son did little else but take us here and there from one hunting-ground to another, finding it a constant source of amusement to watch us shoot.

We ran up a small stream some miles into the main-land once, and spent two days deer-hunting, but saw only one deer, and this we did not kill. We got greater game, however; for the dogs "treed" a bear which Will and I brought to earth with five arrows, one of

which, with a "bodkin point," I drove entirely through his head, passing in between the ear and the eye, and coming out on the other side just below the eye. This was the largest animal we have ever killed with the bow. His weight was about three hundred pounds, I should guess, though we had no means of ascertaining it. We gave the skin to the old man.

While on this hunt I got lost in a dense swamp, and thought for a while that I should never again see home and friends. Such a vile place as that swamp was I hope to be forever clear of. It was the paradise of snakes. I must have seen a thousand moccasins. They were everywhere—on logs, on little tussocks, swimming in the water, writhing together among the tangled roots of the trees, drying themselves on the cypress-knees, sliding and squirming about my feet, lapping their red, forked tongues, and leering at me from every conceivable place—you would not give credence to the whole truth if I should tell it. For four terrible hours I waded round and round in that venomous place, shouting myself hoarse, and blowing my whistle till my lips were sore. Finally I found a little ditch-like stream, and following this it led me out. Near this stream, and in the midst of the swamp, I came to an old, half-rotten boat, which had once been painted blue, and on its gunwale was still legible the inscription "U. S. A., 1832." No doubt this was a relic of some tragedy, but what were its circumstances, and who its actors, we can never know. The boat had been in its present position for many years, for considerable trees were growing in such a way as to show that they had sprung up since, and one end of the vessel, sunken deep in the swamp-muck, was literally crushed in the grasp of huge roots that had twined themselves around it.

I was overjoyed when I again found my friends. I felt as though I had been delivered from worse than a den of lions, and I imagined I had suffered all the horrors without the dementia of *delirium tremens*.

The following night we camped on the beach, having for our bed the soft, warm sand, and for our canopy a sky as blue and resplendent as that of Italy. About midnight, happening to become wakeful and restless, I put on my clothes (I had been sleeping wrapped in a light blanket), and, taking my bow and quiver, lighted my pipe, and strolled leisurely round a point of rush-marsh bordering a finger of shell-beach a half-mile south of us. The moon, nearly at its full, was high, and shining with a power unknown in latitudes farther north. I could distinguish objects at a distance almost as readily as by daylight, and the peculiar sheen of the water and the dimly-defined shadows of the rushes made beautiful lines of contrast athwart the mellow picture. The wind drew gently landward, sharp and fragrant, a real breath of the tropics. The tide made strong currents between the little islands off-shore, down which the porpoises ran, rising at regular intervals to cut the surface with their dingy swords, puffing like some powerful submarine engines. I stopped at a certain point, and gazed for a long time with a dreamful sort of interest on the charming sweep of sea and islands clothed

in the fantastic mantle of moon and star light. Sometimes a myriad of silvery mullet would leap up and fall back into the water like a shower of jewels, and anon a single skip-jack would shoot almost vertically into the air, his fins whizzing like the wings of a quail. The all-pervading murmur of the sea seemed more like silence than sound, and, though the combined light of the stars and moon was wonderfully strong, still a soft, mysterious wavering of the outlines of things gave them an unreal, ghostly semblance. The air, though coming from over leagues and leagues of water, was peculiarly dry and pleasant to the lungs. Consumption could not be generated in that region; it is a very garden of health. While I stood there leaning on my bow, and enjoying the influence of the night, I became aware of certain small, shadowy forms stealthily but nimbly running out from the rushes and down the beach to the surf-line.

One, two, three, ten, twenty, more than a hundred of them marshaled within a distance of three or four hundred yards, some no farther away than a good bow-shot. My attention being now called to them, I could hear them quarreling in sharp tones the while they made a munching sound as if cracking shells with their teeth. They looked something larger than cats, and ran, or rather ambled, along, with their backs bowed up and their round tails held straight out behind. Now and then a half-dozen or more of them would rush together, apparently in great anger, fight furiously for a few seconds, then separate, each individual going his way none the worse from the contest. It was a weird masquerade, its effect heightened by the stillness of the night and the deceptive glamour of the moonshine, and, while I watched it with that half-sleepy interest characteristic of one who has got up at midnight from a restless slumber, suddenly a great bird swept by me, passing not more than twenty feet from my head. It sped like a ray of darkness, making not the slightest noise with its wings, and struck one of the small animals like a bolt. A sharp cry of anger and pain, and then a general stampede of the masqueraders as they rushed into the marsh-grass in the direction of a densely-timbered swamp, leaving the beach clear with the exception of the bird and its victim, now struggling in a silent, ominous way. Evidently it was a matter of life and death with the contending parties—a close, hard wrestle for the mastery. I strung my bow as quickly as I could, then, running forward a few paces nearer, I drew and let drive with as good aim as I could. The arrow left the string with a clear, whirring sound, and I heard it strike with a dull "thud" as the huge bird tumbled over and began a loud flapping of its wings. I hurried to the spot, and found the largest owl I ever saw, pierced through by the arrow, and near by lay a raccoon dying from wounds the bird had given it. I had frequently before seen owls and hawks strike smaller animals, but this was something rare. The raccoon was a very large one. Possibly my arrow may have helped to kill it, but I think it did not. I took my bird to camp, and, refreshed by my curious adventure, lay down and slept till almost sunrise.

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The following day we returned to the Hermit's Island, and the next we went back to Berkley's, whence, the season being about over, we made our way to the hill-country of North Georgia to spend the summer in the pleasant valley of the Coosawattee, where the bass-fishing is the best that I know of in the world.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

FROM NEW YORK TO ASPINWALL.

THIS summer a large propeller, carrying twenty-five passengers in the steerage and eighty or thereabout in the cabin, made a pleasant voyage from New York to Aspinwall, arriving (so uninterrupted was the journey) at the end of the nine days and a half allowed by the directors on shore for her passage.

To those who have been upon the sea, any record of such a trip might be but half interesting, but to those to whom the ocean seems mysterious and dreadful (it being far away), the slightest trifle respecting it or its belongings is entertaining reading.

There was a tall, broad-shouldered woman on board, dressed in many colors, but having the visage of a blacksmith, who had never seen the ocean nor a steamer before.

She sat upon a camp-chair upon the hurricane-deck for five hours, her wits steeped, drowned in the most bewildering astonishment. Nothing was comprehensible to her; she could not understand the use of a single belonging of the ship. She did not know enough even to ask questions; she was as incapable of understanding as a child would be if it were made seventy years old in a second. There may be many millions in the country as ignorant as she was, and many millions more who understand, but who have seen nothing; to any of these, as I have said before, any notes from any note-book of the sea may be interesting.

There were five stow-aways—that is, five wretches who were arraigned before the captain within the first hour out for trying to steal a passage. One admitted out and out that he tried "the game," and was d—d sorry that he had been ketched, for they wanted to see him up there (in New York) very bad! He tossed his misshapen head in the direction of the vanishing city, and, laughing, showed a full set of teeth, yellow with tobacco, but viciously strong in spite of it.

The old commander, flaming with indignation, ordered him into the pilot-house, a prisoner. The next man seized his cap from his head when his turn came, and shivered from head to foot. God knew he would work! he cried. They stopped him, and asked how much money he had. He acted "not a cent" by giving a deprecating look to all and by then sinking upon himself, growing shorter by an inch, and looking dragged and helpless in an instant. He also went to the pilot-house. The third was an awkward boy with a round, flushed face and a vacant eye.

"Have you any money?—quick!"

"No."

"Where did you come from?"

"From a hospital."

"What did you come aboard this ship for?—speak up!"

"Oh, I thought I'd like to go to California, that's all. I s'pose I can't, though, as long as you say so."

And he turned to walk toward the pilot-house before he was ordered to do so, apparently turning the matter over and over, and ruminating upon it.

The next was a neat, honest man, who, taking off his hat, bowed, and said:

"I've got forty dollars, sir, and I'm a painter by—"

"What's the fare in the steerage, Mr. Purser?" asked the commander, putting his head down toward the breeze.

"Sixty, sir."

"Pilot-house!—And you—any ticket or money?"

The last was another stupid boy—cold, frightened, and all abroad. He shook his head.

"I came with him, sir," indicating the last prisoner with a backward motion of his thumb.

"That's all right, but what's your idea in coming aboard a ship in this fashion? You have no clothing, no money, no object, no means to get beyond Aspinwall, where you'll die of fever. You should be glad that we found you, young man. Pilot-house!"

Half an hour later this reckless, unclean, and hungry crowd, having but one small bundle in the midst of it, crept down the black precipice of the steamer's side, and, scared by the foaming waves, and confused by the noise and violence of the wind, hung until the pilot-boat seemed safe beneath them, into which they dropped, one after the other, between the siftings of the ship!

All the steerage, reaching, noisy and motley, above the bulwarks, jeered furiously until the tossing boat was half a mile away, while the cabin, eighty strong, leaned over the rail, feeling a little shocked.

Among the eighty passengers were the usual rough bachelors who sang choruses after cocktails; the usual people who go to their state-rooms at the port of exit, and never emerge until the destination is made; the group of ladies who, being alone, are subjects for talk; the aristocrats, cajoled for a few hours, but scorned thereafter with a sort of paper-scorn that always broke at a smile or a bow; the pitiables whom all pitied, and the more pitiable still, whom the pitiables pitied in their turn; and there were the common run of oddities, the intelligent woman, the silent man, the homely gentleman, the lady of the single dress, and the corps of old travelers (cool, steady persons, who got all things and all favors in spite of iron-like rules).

There was a madman who wore enormous shoes, who spoke to no one, yet who ate famously. He had a pile of manuscript in his state-room, and he added to it daily. He rolled twelve cigarettes each morning, and wandered bareheaded at all hours of the day and night all over the enormous deck, turning his face upward to the heavens in the evening, and downward at the waters in the

day, perpetually engaged with the elements, and wholly oblivious of man.

There was a short lady with short hair, an indifferent face, a pleasant smile, and a habit of ferreting for things not known to her. Before twenty-four hours had elapsed she had been in the steerage, in the fire-holes, and had gone through the captain's chart-rack.

She discovered that the steerage atmosphere had no oxygen in it at six in the morning, and that people were often found senseless in the lower "trays" (her name for their sleeping-quarters). In the fire-room, away down beneath the engines, she saw men shoveling coal without cessation for two hours in a temperature of 120° Fahr. In the captain's cabin she found that the ship would pass Hatteras in the night—"a blessing," she cried, in a little ecstasy, "without parallel!" "Yes, indeed," cried the other ladies (who knew nothing about it). On a bright afternoon, while the people were lolling upon the hurricane-deck with their novels, their tating, and their *cavi*, this lady came aft, crying: "I have found out another of the pretensions of man! Neither the first, second, nor third officer knew the length in feet of a nautical mile, and the first only was at all sure that it was longer than the shore-mile. Two old ex-sea-captains had to be told, and, when the commander of this great vessel wakes up, I'll see if I can bring him down!" This catch-and-go manner was very telling among the dull weight of people, and gossip stood gingerly aloof from her.

There was one of those children, the contemplation of whose futures, calculated from present conditions and projected fifty years, fill one with an uneasy awe. Her name was Moll; she was barely two, her skin was fair, her hair bright, glossy, and yellow, her forehead full (too full, in fact), and her little figure muscular and tireless. She could run like a deer, and, no matter how the vessel rolled, the little creature, with her eye on her object, would stagger, turn, climb up the deck, or plunge down the hill, as it happened, with a coolness that was astonishing. She was often shot out of her mother's state-room by the action of the ship, on her way to the deck, and would cruise among the long limbs of the negro waiters with great nonchalance, catching at this or that pantaloons just as the lurching of the ship made it convenient. Few places in the vessel were unknown to her. She often found her way into the horrible horde in the steerage, and she was a well-known *habitué* of the butcher's and barber shops, and she often assisted the keeper of the wine-room in his endless duties. She could scream with a shrillness and a long-windedness that outdid the bo'sun's whistle, and her temper was at times intensely vixenish. Yet, in moments of peace, the spectacle of her little body, with its bright face and wild, golden hair, flinging itself here and there in a wild chase after some sight she ached to see, something near the engine-room, or down the cabin, or down the sky-light, where the cooking went on, or in the first-officer's room, where they made the reckoning, or aft when they went to throw the log, was spirited enough, and all the other children on board

sank out of notice, and did their tricks and played their games with insignificance.

The way to Aspinwall led the ship among the islands of the West Indies, and then across the fitful Caribbean—a sea whose temper blows hot and cold in the same ten minutes, and causes the watch to “oil up” and to keep a weather-eye.

To the already entrancing effects produced by the extraordinary hues of the sky, the sea, and by the shapes of the clouds, whose beauties had become more and more surprising each day since the ship quitted the latitude of Lower Florida, were now to be added the fresh colors of the land, tempered by an atmosphere whose pearly obscurity put the tints of sleep upon all things.

The passengers, rendered languid by heat and *enasi*, carried their chairs and their books to the port-side of the deck, and gave themselves up to dumb, wide-eyed gazing, saying little and thinking less. Even the “intelligent lady” was silent with the rest. There was a long island, whose yellow beach, ragged cliff of sand, and dense growth of tropic verdure, were materialistic enough for almost every eye, but then and there it became the most tender vision of a land—separated, suspended, half-breathing destiny, yet resting upon nothing. The water below it did not touch it or even meet its shore; it became a part of the nothingness. And so did the sky. The blue became an ineffable dream of blue. Behind it arose a white, medieval city of clouds—its mighty walls and its huge towers lifting themselves—shall I say it?—prayerfully toward the above! All was in the midst of repose. Colors became half-colors, lines faded, the noises of the water grew far off, the palm-trees mingled together, and the land, the sea, the sky, the clouds, buried in so much warmth and haze, seemed a dreamed revelation of heaven.

Cuba came into sight in early morning. There seemed to be a cliff only, and a green table-land, and a slender light-house. Every man on board gazed at it, and either said in substance, or acquiesced when it was said: “What a land of tragedies is that! How treacherous does its quiet seem! Who would live upon it?”

Afterward, when the sun had dissipated the mists, and permitted the inland hills to be seen—hills that rose slowly to great heights—then the impulse was to pity Nature and to decry the beings that did so ill in plain sight of so much that suggested God. “It would be a good thing if some of the mountains flared up and overtook these mischief-makers.”—“They have turned the island into a rat-pit.”—“Is Spanish blood poison?”

And so on.

The American flag was perceived one day floating upon the top of an island of moderate size. Several people cheered and said, “It does one’s heart good to see the stars and stripes, even after so short an absence from port,” and they shook hands with effusion. Some one said, and it was true, that that was the only land covered by an American flag in the West Indies. And the Homely Gentleman said, also truthfully: “It is owned by a Baltimore company, and it is a

heap of guano. Speak to those patriots, some one, and tell them not to cheer so loudly.”

The steamer sailed into the harbor of Aspinwall at between four and five o’clock on a Sabbath morning. The lofty hills and mountains, that almost surround the bay, were enveloped in the most delicate mists. And they assumed at that time a warm purple, while those of the farthest ranges were cooler and cooler as their distances were greater. The air was indescribably soft. It pressed upon the face with grateful coolness, yet it did not stir. The sky was without a cloud, intensely blue, and tranquillizing to look at. The town is built upon a small net-work of earth partly natural and partly manufactured, and behind it, that is, in the immediate rear of the second row of buildings, is an ugly swamp, out of which springs the rankest vegetation. The place has long since decayed; the people live upon what tarrying travelers choose to spend, and the few white people that are residents are invalids. From the water the place appears to be a neat, shaded hamlet with several white, two-storied buildings, with fine façades, many red-tiled houses, a number of broad sheds at the water-side, and it appears that all is finely interspersed with overhanging palms and oaks, and that the gardens are shaded with broad-leaved bananas and mango-trees. Two or three ocean-steamers lay at anchor at that time, two or three consuls’ flags hung languidly from their staffs, and it would have taken a sharp eye to detect any thing unprosperous or unclean about the spot. Indeed, the voyager looked forward with impatience to many strolls in the tree-arched lanes that he fancied, and he determined upon purchasing many mementoes of this retired and lovely spot.

But he barely reached the head of the pier when he beheld, to his astonishment, on the farther side of a hot railway-yard, one of the most unclean and wretched tenement-houses that it was his fortune ever to have seen. Its first story is full of shops.

This is the beginning of the main thoroughfare. It is not all so bad, yet it is bad enough. There is a quarter of a mile of shambling houses. Some of them are frame, some have two stories and balconies, but the greater part are twenty feet high and in advanced stages of decay. The shopkeeping interest is divided between German Jews and the natives. The former keep domestic and foreign goods, and their shops resemble somewhat the ordinary country-stores at home. The sale of the natural and spontaneous products of the land is turned over to the natives, who add to this simple and innocent manner of gaining an income the allurements of the true American bar.

When the ship’s passengers were all turned free along this hot street, with their hands full of money, then every available inch of room was piled with fruit, shells, grass-work, and cages of paroquets.

The Jews came out to their doors, the clerks took off their hats, and Aspinwall made ready to receive its profits. But the people, dumb and staring, went on, with their parasols, to seek the city. They came to pools of begreened water filling whole squares,

and bordered here and there by huts of scantling, and by hen-coops half submerged in the horrible flood. The fowls and the people lived on raised floors, and a splashing board often led to land. A truly magnificent bronze statue of Columbus, fine, both in conception and in execution, stood with its small fence upon the edge of a pool like this. The faces of the main figure and that of the statue of an Indian, whom the great man had aroused, were turned seaward; not committing, happily, the satire of gazing upon the effects of civilizing influence upon the new-found land. One hardly delays to examine the work, for the bad odors that arise from the green pond are overpowering. Farther on, in an arid field, is a fine and dignified memorial, with bronze medallions, to a few shrewd financiers who had dreamed that this spot was to be a great entrepot, and had urged people to spend a quantity of money upon a railroad. Travelers smile at the monument, and recall that in their lives they have never seen a failure possess so fine a gravestone.

A little farther still is a cool villa, occupied by a consul, and farther yet is a Gothic church, built of a fine brown-stone, opening its wide doors hospitably. A little way off the sea comes up in musical ripples upon a brown shore, and a few half-dressed boys patter about for shells, with an eye to the main chance, however. These few things, the half-dozen official houses, the two monuments, and the church, compose the best of Aspinwall. All the rest is degraded, ugly, and dangerous.

In the living-quarter of the place one sees more nakedness, uncleanness, and squalor, than it is likely he ever dreamed of. Poverty, heat, refuse, indolence, and foul scents, are everywhere. Tenements, two stories high, soiled from their door-posts to the highest points a man can reach, stand in the mud, and show three black-brown heads at every window and door. Ducks, children, pigs, mingle together in the boiling puddles, and one goes by under a fire of chaff from the women who impudently line the way.

The people are short, and brown in color commonly, though now and then there is a black. The nationalities are sadly mixed, as they are in all the towns this way, there being a composite population of Jamaica negroes, Aztecs, and Peruvians. These, having intermarried, have produced a host of mongrel people, vicious in temper, devoid of intellect, and easily content to sleep or steal, as chance suggests.

They are not exactly stupid; but, on the other hand, it is impossible to say that they are worth a rush to the world, or to any interest in it.

As I said before, they are all concerned in getting money from the people who tarry in passing through the place on their way to Panama. Each passenger had half a dozen dollars to spend in purchasing the specialties of the place, and, after they had impressed the *physique* of the town upon their minds, they lay about with full hands among the booths, and for a couple of hours the chaffer and dicker were a little spirited. The ladies of the cabin, in fresh muslins, every one, and

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being looked upon as aristocrats, for the moment carried things with a high hand, and beat the natives down in their prices with a vengeance. They domineered over the whole town with infinite glee, and bought twopence worth. One would have fancied, from the amount of talk and disputation that went on, and that roused the echoes of the place like the noise of a dreadful combat, that the white wives and sweethearts were buying the natives out "stick, stock, and stone." They bought fruit very liberally, and numbers of baskets at thirty-five cents apiece. They ransacked the town for novelties, and, having found many, examined them, made all necessary inquiries, and said, "How strange!" and went off at ease. They entered with great spirit into the gossip of the place, and came away with many Indian family troubles on their minds to work out in the calm of the voyage on the other side of the isthmus.

The men did quite as well. The glasses at the bars gave out a prosperous tinkling all along the line of shops, and the perfume of the strange liquid of Angostura filled the air. They, too, purchased fruit and annoyed the shopkeepers, and it was not until the honest spendthrift dogs remembered dinner-time that the sprinkle of dimes and half-dimes in Aspinwall came to an end.

But the passengers had done really one good stroke of business with the uninformed and miscalculating natives. They had bought large sums of silver dollars at eighty-five cents each with their greenbacks; and silver had been worth almost that in New York on the day they left. The quiet joy that always comes with a good achievement spread through the ship, and the jangle of money was heard everywhere as the proud possessors turned it gently over and over in their hands.

The Intelligent Lady heard of the bargains, and she said: "But instead of paying you in American dollars, which are worth, of course, one hundred cents, they have given you Peruvian dollars, which are reckoned at eighty only in San Francisco."

How many curious ways there are of getting square!

ALBERT F. WEBSTER.

CRICKET-CRIES.

IF the Autumn winds are all
In a tender sort of swoon,
You can hear the cricket call,
Any Autumn afternoon;
And should you heed him, soon
You will hear, it may befall,
Dreamy language wing its way
Through his low and dreamy lay:

"By the mist-empurpled skies,
By the red leaves lying sear,
I know that Summer dies
In the lands that held her dear.
And with his sparkling spear,
With his icy-brilliant eyes,
Snowy-bearded Winter speeds
On his whitest of white steeds!

"Oh, the days will shortly be
When here I must not cheep,

But in some black chink and wee
Of some old fireside creep—
To sleep, and wake, and sleep,
By the great log's yellow glee,
And slowly find, no doubt,
All the family-secrets out.

"From the hearth-fire's viewless flail
I can see the spark-chaff fly,
Ere that ashy film and pale
Fura the embers by-and-by.
How much better taste have I
Than my relative, the Snail,
Toasting here, as fate appoints,
My extravagant hip-joints!

"Hear the clock's quick tick, above
Even the bitter north-wind's roar;
Hear old grandma, like a dove,
Coo her surreptitious snore;
Hear the lovers laugh—and more,
See the lovers making love!
And hear the purr of that
Tawny Sybarite, our cat!

"How I hearken, while I bask,
To the hum the kettle makes!
In his dull prosaic task
How much merriment he takes!
Ah, for me that kettle makes
All the nightingale I ask,
Except it be, mayhap,
The pine-log's bubbling snap!

"Why does Mary grow so pink
If she has not had a kiss?
It is fine, you lovers think,
To be making love like this.
Yet a pleasant blaze, I wis,
And a cozy little chink,
Bring quite as much content
To the cricket temperament!

"While the golden-rods, in seas,
Plume the lanes and dales with gold,
While a glory smites the trees,
And the sumach-leaves burn bold,
In my longing heart I hold
These, and pictures like to these,
Waiting days more bleak and drear,
That my fireside voice can cheer!

"Oh, for winds of solemn tune,
Oh, for chillily-lighted skies!
Since she cannot die too soon,
Oh, too slow the Summer dies!" . . .
Now in just this dreamy wise,
On an Autumn afternoon,
If your faith be good and strong,
You can hear the cricket's song.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

SERVIAN POPULAR POETRY.

WHEN the French poet Mérimée and the English poet Owen Meredith published their volumes of professed translations of Servian popular poetry, the reason given, by those most competent to judge, for doubting the authenticity of both works was the fact that they are far below real Servian poetry in beauty, purity, and strength. And the high tribute to that poetry which this circumstance involves is by no means undeserved. Even in the diluted form of a translation the productions of the South-Slavic bards—for

bards they are, in the truest sense of the term—preserve a degree of beauty and power which affords a very high idea of what they are in the original.

The word "popular" is especially appropriate when applied to these poems, for they have all been made and preserved by the people at large. All through the dreary centuries of Turkish oppression the fire of inspiration burned among the down-trodden Serbs with undiminished power. In lonely mountain-valleys, wherever they were secure from the brutal Janizary's wanton assaults, bands of men would meet, and recite or chant long, heroic poems, telling of noble deeds their ancestors had wrought in earlier days. Especially did they love to dwell on the valor and might of the great Servian prince Stephan Dushan, who subjugated all the neighboring provinces, overthrew the terrible Bulgarians, and forced the Greek Empire itself to sue humbly for peace. These poetic traditions of their former greatness helped to keep alive, through all their later degradation and misery, the spirit which burst out so fiercely in the first years of our century, winning and rewinning for the Servian people the liberty their ancestors had lost.

The Servian language, which comprehends, in its widest sense, the dialects of Servia proper, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Montenegro, Slavonia, and part of Croatia, is by far the softest and most musical of the four great branches of Slavic speech. From the appearance of its words when written, it might not unnaturally be thought, notwithstanding the fact just mentioned, far from euphonious. But, when it is remembered that many apparently formidable combinations occurring in such words really stand for simple sounds which we spell in a different way, a large proportion of the difficulty vanishes. For example, the seemingly unpronounceable term *Rjekavica* merely represents what we would spell Reĭkavich. In fact, the Servian is a very harmonious language, while its softness in sound does not prevent its possessing an abundance of force and power. These lingual advantages have certainly contributed very much to the excellence of its popular poetry.

The history of that poetry is somewhat remarkable. Pieces of more than ordinary merit, being preserved orally through successive ages, had contributed to form a great unwritten collection, which the most skillful singers or "rhapsodists," and especially the older men in each generation, were able to sing or recite at full length. In the mean time, although works on law, philosophy, rhetoric, theology, etc., had been produced by Servian scholars, of whom the number was not extremely small even in the days of Turkish tyranny, yet the treasures of their national poetry remained unwritten. Indeed, the very language in which they were clothed—the modern Servian—was looked upon by the cultivated portion of the race with unqualified contempt, and considered unfit for any thing but conversations between "cowberds and swineherds." The dialect employed in all literary undertakings was the *Old* or *Church Slavic*, an ancient form of Servian which was used by the early fathers of the Greek Church.

Not until the beginning of the present century were any persistent efforts to rescue the true Servian language of to-day from its degraded position made by any one. And that such an effort was at last made and carried to a successful conclusion, in spite of a violent opposition, is due almost entirely to one man—Yuk Stephanowicz Karadshicz, or, as we would say, Wolf, Stephen's son, the Karadshian. Yuk, as he is commonly called, who was born in 1788, combated all the old-fashioned prejudices on this subject which prevailed among his Servian fellow-scholars with such energy and enthusiasm that he at last established the spoken language of his country in a position of honor and esteem. Having given the world an admirable Servian dictionary and grammar, as well as several other valuable works of a similar character, he next turned his attention to the poetry of his people. Some knowledge as to this field of hidden treasure had already been derived, in Western Europe, from a few specimens which an Italian traveler in Dalmatia had obtained from the Morlach mountaineers of that country. And Herder and Goethe, guided by their keen poetic instincts, had immediately given these fragments to their countrymen in a German dress, translating them from a French version of the traveler's Italian. But when Yuk, in 1815, published his first two volumes of Servian "poem-songs," gathered from the people, just as the brothers Grimm collected their famous German "Kinder- und Hausmärchen," the whole literary world of Europe was enthusiastic in their praise. Translations of the work, more or less complete, quickly appeared in the languages of various other countries, and the verdict in their favor was universal. Two more volumes soon followed those first published; and, though several similar works were afterward issued by different persons, Yuk's collection is still considered the best of all.

Servian popular poetry is divided into two great classes: the *shenaks pjesme*, or "woman-songs," and the *junackke pjesme*, or "hero-songs." The woman-songs are so called because they are almost invariably made by women. They are usually short pieces, and are sung without any instrumental accompaniment. They relate to incidents of domestic life, and are nearly always characterized by a natural and very beautiful expression of feeling, unrestrained by conventionalities and untrammelled by the requirements of more polished verse. There is about them much the same pure, unconscious pathos, alternating with outbursts of unalloyed joyousness, that shows itself in a little child's laughter and tears. The love-songs are especially tender and poetical. One of these, given in Yuk's collection, has been very literally translated into English, as follows in part:

"PARTING LOVERS.

"To white Buda, to white-castled Buda,
Cling the vine-tree, cling the vine-tree branch-
es.
Not the vine-tree is it with its branches;
No, it is a pair of faithful lovers.
From their early youth they were betrothed;
Now they are compelled to part, untimely.
One addressed the other at their parting:

'Go, my dearest soul, and go straight forward.
Thou wilt find a hedge-surrounded garden;
Thou wilt find a rose-bush in the garden.
Pluck a little branch from off the rose-bush,
Place it on thy heart within thy bosom.
Even as that red rose will be fading,
Even so my heart, love, will be fading.'

Regular rhymes are not a feature of these poems; but rhymes frequently occur, and the following short piece, turned into an English stanza partly in rhyme, will serve to illustrate such cases, as well as to show the arch humor which is often found in the woman-songs:

"ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

"To St. George's Day the maiden prayed:
'Com'st thou again, dear St. George's Day,
Find me not here, by my mother dear,
Or be it wed, or be it dead!
But, rather than dead, I would be wed.'

Another song tells of two young lovers who, being forced apart by their parents, died at the same time, and were buried together:

"Little time had passed since they were buried;
O'er the youth sprang up a verdant pine-tree,
O'er the maid a bush with sweet red roses;
Round the pine-tree winds itself the rose-bush,
As the silk around a bunch of flowers."

But some of the woman-songs are in a very different vein. They take a thoroughly realistic view of marital relations, and indicate that in Servia, as elsewhere, husbands and wives are not always "married lovers." The following piece presents a comically exaggerated picture of a lady who, it is clear, has her own notions as to "the subjection of women":

"HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

"Come, companion, let us hurry,
That we may be early home.
For my mother-in-law is cross.
Only yestern she accused me,
Said that I had beat my husband,
When, poor soul, I had not touched him,
Only bade him wash the dishes,
And he wouldn't wash the dishes;
Threw, then, at his head the pitcher,
Knocked a hole in head and pitcher.
For the head, I don't mind that much;
But I do care for the pitcher,
As I paid for it right dearly—
Paid for it with one wild-apple,
Yes, and a half of one besides it."

The hero-songs are true epics. They are made by men alone, are chanted rather than sung, and correspond very closely to the heroic poems of ancient Greece. Their subjects are frequently the great deeds of Servian kings and warriors. The victories of Tzar Stephan Dushan, the sad fate of Tzar Lazar on the bloody field of Kossovo, and other notable events in the mediæval history of Servia, form the themes of a large number; while some, of more modern origin, tell of that wild and stormy strife in which, led by Czerny George, the long-despised Servians extirpated the dreadful Janizaries, and hurled the Turkish and Bosnian armies out of their land. Others refer to the second modern struggle for liberty, when, under Prince Milosh, they won back nearly all the Turks had been enabled, by internal quarrels among the followers of Czerny George, to tear from the latter's grasp. Many, also, are about the deeds and sufferings of less-noted or of ficti-

tious personages. But all show more or less of the same fire and force, the same boldness of fancy, combined with the greatest beauty and gracefulness in expression. Not a few contain images drawn from the old mythological and superstitious notions still half credited in the wildest mountain-districts—such figures as the Vjashtitz, or veiled women, whose visits brought death and sorrow into households; or the Vila, a mountain fairy, somewhat like the German Rubezahl.

The most frequent singers of these heroic songs are old blind men, strikingly like our idea of Homer. One of these blind and aged bards, named Philip, sang before Tchupich, one of Czerny George's bravest captains, a stirring poem, composed by the singer, on the battle of Salasb, where Tchupich had led his countrymen to victory over the Turks. Philip was then rewarded by the Servian soldier with a splendid white horse, of the noble Herzegovinian breed, just as the bards of the ancient heroes were repaid for their lays in honor of their patrons.

It is absolutely impossible to preserve even a fair degree of the grandeur and beauty of these heroic pieces in a mere translation, as any one may imagine who has compared Homer's own lines with those of his best translator. Yet it may be not entirely useless to present one or two short extracts even in this weakened shape. The following lines, in which ravens bring ominous tidings of the fierce battle of Mishar, must serve to exemplify the wild, free imagery with which they abound:

"Flying came a pair of coal-black ravens,
Far away from the broad field of Mishar.
Far from Shabatz, from the high white fortress;
Bloody were their beaks unto the eyelids,
Bloody were their talons to the ankles.
And they flew along the fertile Machva,
Waded swiftly through the billowy Drina,
Journeyed onward through high-honored Bosnia,
'Lighting down upon the hateful border,
Right within the accursed town of Vakup,
On the dwelling of the Captain Kulin;
'Lighting down, and croaking as they 'lighted."

Another short extract may show, in some measure, the tenderness and delicacy which are noticeable in the passages describing beautiful women:

"Never did a lovelier floweret blossom
Than the floweret in our own days blooming—
Haikuna, the lovely maiden-flower.
White her cheeks, but tinged with rosy blushes,
As if morning's beam had shone upon them,
Till that beam had reached its high meridian.
And her eyes were like two precious jewels;
And her flaxen braids were silken tassels;
And her teeth were pearls arranged in order;
White her bosom, like two snowy dovelets;
And her voice was like the dovelets' cooling,
And her smile was like the sunshine glowing."

Some Servian poets of a more artistic kind have appeared during the present century. Their works give promise of very honorable achievements by their successors in a riper era; and some—such as the "Serbianka," an heroic poem by Milutinowicz—have been translated into several foreign tongues. But none of these more polished productions are comparable to the strictly popular poetry, and the latter undoubtedly marks the highest limit yet attained by the Servian muse.

W. W. CRANE.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE are asked, in view of our recent comments on state interference, whether we do not believe the education of the people to be a great national advantage, and, this being true, whether it is not incumbent upon the state to exact of every citizen the education of his children.

We hope we have just as high an estimate of the importance of general education as that of the most zealous believer in compulsory attendance at schools. But are we to understand that, because a thing is of indisputable public advantage, therefore it is the business of the state to employ its power and its resources to bring it about? If this is the logic of our questioner, let us look into it a little and see what it means.

There can be no doubt that religious training transcends in importance every thing else. Not only is pious and moral living of the first consideration in regard to the welfare of people here, but also in regard to their welfare in the great unknown beyond this "bank and shoal of time." If because a thing is of universal importance government is entitled to interfere for its promotion, then the state must be permitted to enforce religious faith and pious living. Congress should under this view found churches even before it establishes schools.

Cleanliness is next to godliness. The moral and physical welfare of the whole people largely depends upon their habits of cleanliness and order. Foulness is not only an injury to him who indulges in it, but, inasmuch as it breeds sickness, and is the fruitful cause of epidemics, whoever is guilty endangers the life and health of all others. Clearly, then, as cleanliness intimately concerns the safety of all, the state may interfere to enforce it—not merely by punishing those who throw filth into the streets, or compelling those who live in close dens to undergo fumigation—which the state now attempts—but by dictating how often we shall bathe, and compelling every one to wear a clean shirt. Under this rule the wretches in our streets, so foul with rags and filth, would disappear; but whether we are to submit to a general supervisory regulation as to our dress and personal habits, even to serve so excellent a consummation as this, may very well be questioned.

Temperance in both eating and drinking is indispensable to the general welfare. We know there are prohibition laws in some places in regard to the sale of liquor; but if we admit the principle that the public or general nature of a desired end sanctions the interposition of government, then the state may take upon itself not only to regulate the

sale of liquor, but to restrict excesses among the people in eating and drinking.

Extravagance is another tremendous evil—an evil to those who indulge in it, and to the whole people as an example of waste and self-indulgence. It is no new notion in the philosophy of government that expenditure in apparel and display in jewels or other ornaments are matters legitimately within the control of the state.

Where shall we stop? It is not easy, indeed, to find a limit to the duties of government, if we concede that, because a consummation is devoutly wished, therefore the power of the state should be stretched forth to enforce it.

As to public education by the state, there are, it is true, a good many reasons to be urged in its defense. But no government can be in advance of its time in this particular. A general system of public education is only possible when the public sentiment is ripe for it; and when this is the case this public sentiment would be tolerably sure in good time to accomplish unaided all that the state would fain perform. Government has done so much to embarrass, restrict, confuse, mislead, arrest, and paralyze, that, even if it be true that it has done good in this one thing of public education, there still remains a formidable indictment against it for the evils of its interference; and so altogether we for our part prefer it should learn to keep its hands off.

THAT puzzling line in "Macbeth" which declares "that nothing is, but what is not," has a certain elucidation in the vagaries of the critical mind. There are always those who are enabled to discover the evil in every good thing; but, fortunately, there are also those who are ever equal to the task of discovering the good in every thing evil. Among the minor manifestations of human perversity, ugly fashions in dress might be supposed to have no defenders—that is, after they have ceased to be fashions. We all know with what eagerness ugly devices for the adornment, so called, of the human frame will be adopted, and with what enthusiasm they for a time are defended; but commonly ugly old fashions are without respect or honor. An English writer, however, has ingeniously found a defense for all fashions, ugly or otherwise. He thinks that a good paper might be written in defense of fashion as an agency of intellectual progress and as a safeguard against error and superstition. He is of the opinion that the wits who have wasted powder and shot on the subject of the changes of fashion are in truth advocates of a moral slavery much more detrimental than the wildest vagaries of change. He is confident that a new fashion is a work of eman-

cipation, which we should say sometimes is and sometimes is not the case; and he asserts that ten thousand current mistakes about men and things have been exploded by a mere alteration of dress, of form, of ceremony, of habit—all of which may be true, yet one sees it but vaguely. The main argument of this writer, however, is that women's beauty is altogether superior to the influences of adornment or disfigurement—that she, in fact, gives grace to rather than derives it from the arts of the milliner or the dress-maker. "In long skirts or short," we are told, "in spare skirts or hoops, in bonnets mighty or imperceptible in size, mountainous or absolutely flat, the result is always the same—the native grace and charm make beautiful the fashion. The satirist is always prophesying that woman has spoilt herself at last, but presently she overmasters the change and is more lovely than before."

It is probably often true that the loveliness of woman cannot be extinguished by the unbecoming devices of fashion, but it is a bold thing to say that her native graces and charms do not suffer therefrom. If it were true that they did not, then becoming and unbecoming would be meaningless terms in the vocabulary of fashion; the art of contrast, of adjustment, of harmony of colors, of the relation of tints to the complexion, of form and proportion, would have no existence. The fact is, that many fashions are so detestably ugly that only very beautiful women succeed in maintaining their grace and charm under the adverse conditions imposed upon them. Women sometimes retain their beauty despite the fashion, but it is only a truism to say that every one of them suffers more or less by the senseless decrees of the tyrant to whom each submits.

There is one noteworthy point to be deduced from the argument we have quoted. Every one has been surprised in looking back at old portraits, paintings, or engravings, at the many frightful fashions, under the dominion of which beauty seems to disappear altogether. Women with scant skirts, with their waists close under their armpits, and overshadowed by wide-spread sails called bonnets, impress one as fantastic caricatures. And yet these very women were admired, loved, fought for, worshiped, and won. It is not enough to say that their fashions of dress did not look absurd in the eyes of the cavaliers of the time. Why did they not? Because of the insensibility of the observers? Not in the least; but because the native charms of the wearer, the flashing eye, the rising color of the cheek, the dazzling smile, the fascination of manner and voice—things which disappear from the painted image—all these were there to charm, to captivate, and to partially overcome the great drawback of

a preposterous get-up—to use a phrase of the green-room. It must have been some hideous fashion that prompted the poet to declare that lovely woman unadorned is adorned the most. In all ages men have made their vehement protests against the ugly and fantastic decrees of fashion, but in all ages men, notwithstanding the deformities of mistaken art, have admired all the loveliness of women that survived it. It must not be forgotten that, while some women succeed in proving their superiority to bad style, there are many sacrificed to it who otherwise would be considered charming. High and true art in dress would make all women lovely who are not absolutely deformed.

Is the London *Spectator's* criticism upon Mr. Henry Irving's personation of *Macbeth*, which is now provoking so much discussion in London, occur a few utterances that invite a prompt rejoinder from all Shakespearean students. They are as follows:

"The next passage in which Mr. Irving rises to the fullest height of his power is in the scene with *Lady Macbeth's* physician, where the cynical selfishness and indifference of his manner in speaking of the mind which had given way under the pressure of remorse, and the predominance of his contempt for the medical helplessness of the physician, are very finely given. At the passage—

'Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies
That keep her from rest'—

Macbeth's cold and imperious 'Cure her of that,' is marvelously fine. Mr. Irving there catches the selfish mood of the tyrant, who cares more for the danger to himself in what his wife may say than for any peril it may imply to his helpmate in crime, with a power that thrills the hearer. Equally fine is the cold and bitter remark on hearing of the *Queen's* death:

'She should have died hereafter;
There would have been time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded Time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.'

In this criticism we find *Macbeth* spoken of as "cynically selfish and indifferent" in regard to *Lady Macbeth*; his direction to the physician, "Cure her of that," is described as being "cold and imperious;" and his response on hearing of the *Queen's* death is characterized as "cold and bitter." If these terms do justice to the actor's rendition of the part, then we should say that he failed in expressing one of the most striking features of *Macbeth's* character. Whatever *Macbeth* was to the rest of the world, to his consort he was tender, truthful, and even devoted. There is nothing really cynical, selfish, cold, or bitter, in the lines cited by the critic. "Cure her of that," may be imperious; it may indicate a selfish fear that the *Queen* would reveal too much; but the antecedents

of the guilty tyrant's relation to his wife permit neither of these deductions. It is more natural to believe that "the thick-coming fancies" with which the *Queen* was beset reflected the disease of his own mind, and that she might be cured of these haunting horrors was the impulsive desire of one who knew how sharp such mental anguish is. Indeed, he follows the exclamation, "Cure her of that," with the question—

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory many a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?"

These lines indicate the real motive of his utterance, in which there was anxiety, perhaps, but also keen sympathy. Nor is there aught "cold and bitter" in the response "She should have died hereafter." It is generally uttered on the stage with profound grief. It is the reflection of a man so sore pressed with danger and difficulty that he could not even give himself the privilege of grief. She should have died at a maturer and a better moment, he thinks, when her life had rounded to a greater fullness, and when he might have been by her side. Do not the lines that follow show how far his heart was from coldness or bitterness? To better appreciate this view of the subject, we may glance for a moment at *Macbeth's* conduct toward his associate in crime from the beginning. Never, in any instance, does a word of reproach pass from his lips, nor indeed from hers. Never does he charge his wife with leading him on to the murder of *Duncan*. There are no criminations, no distrusts, no discords, nothing throughout but wedded purpose and sympathy. "O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife," he bursts out upon one occasion, not to upbraid, but in sympathy. "Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck," he exclaims in the same scene, when hinting to her of other crimes. How striking, moreover, is the *Queen's* conduct after the banquet-scene! In the dread of a revelation she hurries to *Macbeth* upon seeing him so distraught by the vision of *Banquo*, and sharply censures him as being "unmanned in folly," but this is because it is imperatively necessary to arouse him to the danger of his "flaws and starts;" but when the guests have gone no word of reproach escapes her. She tells him simply that he lacks "the season of all natures, sleep," and with a great weight of sadness the guilty couple go off together. Through all the bloody story this human side shines forth and holds fast our sympathy for the great criminals.

A VERY entertaining book might be written concerning "statesmen out of harness." Despite all the talk about intruding upon

privacy, the impudence of the interviewer, and the public disclosure of personal affairs, people always have liked and always will like to read and hear about the habits, idiosyncrasies, and minutiae of the daily life of celebrated men. Now and then a celebrated man takes umbrage at finding his nose or his gait described with harrowing detail in the papers; but, as a general thing, celebrated men seem very willing to sit down and be taken in pen and ink by the persistent reporter or the suave correspondent, and, if they find none such to depict them, are very prone to take pen in hand themselves, and achieve a portrait as minute, though a touch more flattering, in the shape of an "autobiography." It is curious to note in what different ways statesmen unbend when their labors are over, and the long vacation leaves them their own servants instead of their country's; and to observe the way in which peculiar national characteristics are followed by them. The American statesman is pretty sure to be found carrying "the shop" into vacation. He makes stump-speeches; he hurries at the call of party committees to enlighten doubtful States; he holds conferences with his "friends;" he writes long manifestoes to the papers; his correspondence is voluminous; he makes flying trips to Washington in the dog-days to get postmasters appointed, or to figure for a second-class mission. Thus he typifies the unresting bustle of American life, which knows few holidays, and has but little love for that pause in money-making which is called vacation. The British statesman fully and fairly and thankfully unbends to the resting season. We hear of Mr. Gladstone felling trees in his shirt-sleeves at Hawarden; we learn that Mr. Disraeli is gracefully praising the pumpkins and complimenting the rustic lasses at the harvest-home of Hughenden; while Mr. Bright is far off in the Highlands, hunting and fishing as if there were no abuses left in England for a great tribune to correct. Meanwhile sprightly little M. Thiers spends the leisure of interregnum doing what no eminent Frenchman can easily keep his hands from—he is writing the memoirs of his time. American statesmen are statesmen all the time and everywhere; English statesmen, the parliamentary adjournment turns into country magnates, sportsmen, and tourists; French statesmen, when they can no longer be political, become literary and autobiographical. It is gratifying to observe, however, that in recent years many of our public men have widened the area of their usefulness by entering literary fields. Political biographies and autobiographies are almost always interesting, and few men of note nowadays omit to make provision for letting the world know

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their experiences in public life. The lecture-platform, too, has given an opportunity to statesmen which has been often accepted to the public profit and instruction, enabling them to present matters of national interest in an informal and attractive way.

It must be admitted that the duties of that august functionary, the Lord-Chamberlain of England, are invidious, and scarcely proper to be exercised in a free country. To have a great state official perpetually cutting and slashing dramatic manuscripts, or, what is but little better, casting them into his waste-paper basket, and peremptorily forbidding their production; to have him dictating the length of the ballet-dresses and the color of the ballet *botlines*; to have him shutting up this theatre and taking away the license from that, seems to be a state of things more proper to the age of Elizabeth than to that of Victoria. Besides being invidious, the office must be a vexatious one to the lord-chamberlain himself. The penny press is always nagging him; the humorous papers are forever making fun of him; the managers are perpetually besieging him; and the public is usually grumbling and growling at him. It must be confessed, however, that the lord-chamberlain's latest act of tyranny has its merits. The public might forgive him many things when he interposes for the safety and comfort of the audiences of the theatres. He has made a regulation forbidding the filling up of the aisles and entrances of the theatres with chairs and stools, when the ordinary seats do not suffice for the multitude; and he not unreasonably urges that this crowding of exits and entrances would become a very serious matter were a fire to break out, or even if an alarm of fire were to be given. Seeing that theatres are more liable to conflagrations than any other buildings, the plea seems a sensible one, and the measure wise and prudent. In America, the good sense of managers replaces, as an ordinary thing, the ukases of the lord-chamberlain; and they might in this very properly consider whether they cannot, with due regard to the safety of their patrons, take as advice what he issues to his theatrical subjects as a command.

A SNARL, somewhat louder and more ferocious than we have heard of late from Olney Walk, Chelsea, is the welcome which Thomas Carlyle gives to the diploma of LL.D., recently dispatched to him from Harvard College. Something, no doubt, is to be conceded to the advanced age and bitter cynicism of the Diogenes who put out his lantern in honor of Frederick II.; yet we hope that some time or other Americans will find out that Carlyle really and honestly regards

them as "bores," and that it was no figure of rhetoric by which he characterized the people of this country as the pests of modern civilization. After what he has so repeatedly said, and so constantly emphasized with each repetition, it was rash in Harvard to tempt another explosion, and the dignitaries of that institution have only themselves to blame for the coarse and unmannerly insults with which their proffered compliment has been received. It is true enough that the insults chiefly hurt their utterer, but if American civilities continue to be offered in the same quarter much longer, the odium will be largely ours. It is well to understand that Mr. Carlyle is an incorrigible hater, and that to attempt to propitiate him only inspires him to draw upon a larger vocabulary of epithets.

Literary.

NO problem of geology, or indeed of physical science, has attracted more attention, or awakened more general interest, than that presented by the Glacial period. For a long time it was the received opinion among geologists that, during the Cambrian, Silurian, and other early geological periods, the climate of our globe was much hotter than now, and that ever since it has been gradually becoming cooler. But the great discovery of the Glacial epoch, and more lately that of a mild and temperate condition of climate extending during the Miocene and other periods to North Greenland, have produced a complete revolution of ideas in reference to geological climate. These discoveries showed that our globe has not only undergone changes of climate, but changes of the most extraordinary character. They showed that at one time not only did an arctic condition of climate prevail over Northern Europe, but that the greater part of the temperate zone down to comparatively low latitudes was buried under ice, while at other periods Greenland and the arctic regions, probably up to the North-Pole, were not only free from ice, but covered with a rich and luxuriant vegetation. To account for these extraordinary variations of climate, and especially for the Glacial period, nearly every leading physicist has had a theory of his own to propound, though as yet none of them has received the assent of the general body of scientific men. Mr. James Croll's "Climate and Time in their Geological Relations" * is an attempt to explain them on a new basis, which, whether it be finally accepted or not, is certain to secure the serious consideration of geologists, meteorologists, and astronomers. Mr. Croll's theory is that the Glacial period, the Inter-Glacial periods, and all other variations in the climate of our globe, were caused by changes in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit. This cause does not operate directly.

* Climate and Time in their Geological Relations: A Theory of Secular Changes of the Earth's Climate. By James Croll. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Herschel, Arago, and Humboldt, showed long ago that a much greater increase of eccentricity than can possibly be predicated of the earth would not alter in any appreciable manner its mean thermometrical state; but the argument of Mr. Croll is that, while an increase of eccentricity could not produce the Glacial epoch *directly*, it might—and in fact did—do so *indirectly*, by bringing into operation a host of physical agencies, the combined effect of which is to lower to a very great extent the temperature of the hemisphere whose winters occur in aphelion, and to raise to nearly as great an extent the temperature of the opposite hemisphere whose winters, of course, occur in perihelion.

By far the most important of these physical agencies, and the one which mainly brought about the Glacial epoch, is the *deflection* of ocean-currents; and, as there is great diversity of opinion among scientific men on this subject, Mr. Croll devotes a considerable portion of his book to a discussion of the cause of oceanic circulation. His first thirteen chapters furnish what is probably the most complete existing exposition of the questions involved in the origin of ocean-currents; and he certainly seems to prove conclusively that both classes of the *gravitation* theory (one represented by Lieutenant Maury and the other by Dr. Carpenter) are erroneous. His own theory is that ocean-currents are due, not to the impulse of trade-winds alone but to that of the prevailing winds of the globe regarded as a general system; and his conclusions are greatly strengthened by the fact that, wherever charts have been made, both of ocean-currents and of prevailing winds, they are found to coincide exactly. The relations which theories of ocean-circulation bear to Mr. Croll's theory of secular changes of climate are stated at great length, but may be summarized as follows: When the eccentricity of the earth's orbit attains a high value, the hemisphere whose winter occurs in aphelion has its temperature lowered, while that of the opposite hemisphere is raised. Let us suppose the Northern Hemisphere to be the cold one, and the Southern the warm one. The difference of temperature between the equator and the north-pole will then be greater than between the equator and the south-pole; according, therefore, to the *wind* theory, the trade-winds of the Northern Hemisphere will be stronger than those of the Southern, and will consequently blow across the equator to some distance on the Southern Hemisphere. This state of things will tend to deflect equatorial currents southward, impelling the warm water of the equatorial regions more into the Southern or warm hemisphere than into the Northern or cold hemisphere. The tendency of all this will be to exaggerate the difference of temperature already existing between the two hemispheres. If, on the other hand, the great ocean-currents which convey the warm equatorial waters to temperate and polar regions be not produced by the impulse of the winds, but by difference of temperature (as Maury and Carpenter maintain), then in the case above supposed the equatorial waters would be deflected more into the Northern or cold

hemisphere than into the Southern or warm hemisphere, because the difference of temperature between the equator and the poles would be greater on the cold than on the warm hemisphere. It will thus be seen that Mr. Croll's theory of climatic changes is really involved in the theory of oceanic circulation; and the apparently disproportionate attention which he gives to the latter is warranted by the part which it plays in his general scheme.

Of course, if the Glacial period resulted from the cause assigned by Mr. Croll, there must have been during the geological history of the globe not one but a succession of glacial epochs corresponding to the periodical variations in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit; and of this Mr. Croll presents strong evidence in his chapters on the "Warm Inter-Glacial Periods." The argument of these chapters, as well as of those which follow, is a fine example of inductive and cumulative reasoning; and in the course of it much new light is thrown not only upon the problem in hand but upon other moot questions in physical science, such as the date of the Glacial epoch, the rate of sub-aërial denudation, the probable age and origin of the sun, the age of the earth, the mean thickness of the earth's crust, and the cause of the motion of glaciers.

Mr. Croll desires particular attention to be given to the fact that, in his book, he has studiously avoided introducing into the theories propounded any thing of an hypothetical nature. The conclusions are, in every case, derived either from facts or from what are believed to be admitted principles; and he has "aimed to prove that the theory of secular changes of climate follows, as a necessary consequence, from the admitted principles of physical science."

The volume contains eight colored maps or charts, which explain many points that without their aid would remain more or less obscure.

The material which Mrs. Edwardes has to work with in her "Leah: A Woman of Fashion" (New York: Sheldon & Co.), is indicated very well in her description of the heroine in the opening chapter:

"A fair, low forehead, suggestive of kisses rather than intellect, with subtle-colored hair, loose coiled; lips rich at present in youth's first sweetness, yet with lines about them that age may render sensual, or crafty, or both; a cheek that goes from bright to pale, from pale to bright too rapidly, and eyes that are at once the perfection and the mystery of the face—eyes of the curious opal-yellow that Titian has once or twice painted for us—deep, sunken, passionate, more fitted perhaps for hiding emotion than for betraying it, and curtained by lashes black as night. A nose not strictly handsome, by reason of the downward curve, indicative of race, toward the tip, and still admirably characteristic, finely cut, expressive, and with the most transparent, delicately-sensitive nostrils in the world.

"Such is Leah Pascal at twenty, rough-hewn from Nature's hand, unshaped by milliner's devices and the applauding voice of fools into a woman of fashion as yet. Her figure inclines to plumpness, but in bone and structure the girl is slight, almost frail—a weight

that any arms of average strength might carry easily. Her walk is supple; her voice meretric; her mind well furnished through extensive novel-reading, French and English; her heart inclined toward good, if good happen to comprise diamonds, liveries, excitement, woman's envy, man's love; and if evil comprise the same—why, then, toward evil."

In a week's time this fair vessel is to be married to a brainless fool whom she does not absolutely dislike, but whom she does not even pretend to be marrying for any thing but his money. During the interval she meets a young surgeon, poor in pocket but piquant in character, and, apparently in mere wantonness of vanity, begins a flirtation with him which speedily develops into passionate love on both sides. Notwithstanding a mutual confession of this love, Leah, false to her instincts, but true to the social code in which she has been trained, marries her moneyed suitor at the appointed time; and the rest of the story tells how violated Nature wrought its bitter revenge upon her through the very instrumentalities to which she had looked for compensation.

Mrs. Edwardes is a vivid and vigorous writer, and keeps a strong hold upon the springs of sympathy and of pathos; and "Leah" is a deeply-interesting, powerful, and even impressive story. But, somehow, it strikes us as being on a lower level than her previous works. For one thing, it is a satire, and satire is not Mrs. Edwardes's forte. She feels too deeply, and sympathizes too entirely with the experiences of her characters, to write genuine satire, and, instead of the serene and even good-natured contempt which, for example, is the pervading tone of Trollope's "The Way We Live Now," "Leah" reads very much like a description of the *peine forte et dure* by one who had been subjected to it. Civilized society, as she depicts it, is no doubt a very wicked and contemptible thing, but it is little less than amusing to see one go into a prolonged passion over it. Besides this, the tone of the story is depressed and depressing. The author seems to fret under her self-imposed task, and to participate heartily in the reader's wish that there was at least one prominent character to whom, in the general strain upon his feelings, he could turn for relief. M. Danton is intended to supply this, but somehow he lacks "magnetism," as the politicians call it, and, in the nature of things, he could only play the art of a foil to "a woman of fashion."

In "The Lacy Diamonds" the author of "Harwood" has succeeded in making a novel of rather more than the usual size without resorting to professed padding of any kind. All the same, in order to understand its somewhat perplexing construction, it will be necessary to go back to those preliminary chapters of "Harwood" in which its pre-publication history was narrated. The reader will recollect, perhaps, that "Harwood" was considered too short to make a book by itself, and that an ingenious friend of the author's suggested, as a remedy, that he should interpolate into its text copious ex-

tracts from another novel, the manuscript of which lay convenient to his hand. At that stage of his work our author rejected the friendly suggestion with scorn, but has evidently thought better of it, and "The Lacy Diamonds" is even an expansion of the plan as originally proposed. Its first five chapters are taken, *ex hypothesi*, from Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.; chapters eight, nine, ten, and eleven, from G. W. M. Reynolds; two-thirds of the remainder from some third-rate "high-society" novel of the period; and the rest from one or more Sunday-school stories of the conventional type. The peculiarities of the book do not end here, however, for the latter part of the story is told first, and about fifty chapters out of the fifty-six of which it is composed are devoted to the elaborate weaving of a plot the culmination of which is given at the very beginning! This culmination is told in a way that leads the reader to suppose that he is entering upon a thrilling, breath-catching narrative of hair-breadth 'scapes and romantic adventures; but the story speedily drops to the dullest, prosiest level of commonplace love-making.

In the preface to the present work the author expresses the hope that "his effort to produce a series of novels which, at least, should not be hurtful in tone or teaching, has been successful." If this means any thing more than the general self-complacency of an author whose books have achieved a certain vogue, it must mean that in his opinion the "Odd Trump Novels" are free from the sensationalism which is doubtless the worst accusation that can be brought against current fiction. If this be its meaning, however, it shows a singular incapacity on the part of the author to take the measure of his own work. For sensationalism is his one strong point as a writer, and it is the liberality with which he indulges the faculty in all three of his stories that alone redeems them from absolute vapidness. If, on the other hand, it refers to the effusively pious conversation with which "The Lacy Diamonds" abounds, then the author is priding himself upon the one painful and even repulsive feature of the book. Of all the heroes with which modern novelists have persecuted us, the canting hero is without doubt the most detestable; and he has seldom appeared in less pleasing guise than in the Lacy Barston of the present narrative. For a man to pray to God to help him in his love-affairs is well enough, perhaps, if he does it in private; but for him to talk about it, boast of it, and even see an indirect answer to his prayers in the accidental death of his best friend, whose wife he was in love with, is simply revolting.

Of course all the foregoing criticism is on the assumption that the author is serious; but he has shown on more than one occasion that he is not without a sense of humor, and it is hard to believe that he is not laughing in his sleeve at the fancied gullibility of the reading-public. At any rate, even if, as is probable, the author knows nothing personally of English society, he must have read enough about it to know that his book is a mere travesty of the life which it professes to depict.

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To those who are already familiar (as who is not?) with the Erckmann-Chatrian war-stories, it will be enough to say that "Brigadier Frederick" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) is the latest addition to the list. It deals with the German invasion of France in 1870, and, besides being eminently interesting as a story, gives an exceedingly vivid picture of the privations and indignities suffered by the unfortunate inhabitants of the annexed provinces. Though briefer than most of the Erckmann-Chatrian novels, "Brigadier Frederick" is yet an excellent example of the authors' peculiar literary method. First we are introduced to an almost idyllic picture of the home of an old forester on the borders of the Vosges; listen to the "short and simple annals" of his family; watch the pretty love-making between the brigadier's pretty daughter and a handsome young forester who hopes to succeed him on his retirement; share their bright hopes and anticipations of the future; hear with incredulity the first vague rumors of war; and then the guns of Woerth and Phalsbourg, the tramp of invading armies, the fierce rapacity of the soldiery, and the pains of exile, ending in death, and in desolation which is worse than death. All is told in such wonderfully simple, easy, and unpretentious style that the reader is apt to think slightly of the achievement; and it is only when he contrasts it with the attempts of other writers in this field that he perceives that the apparent naturalness is simply the perfection of art. The translation is by Miss Hooper, and in the main is good.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS have added to their well-known Classical Library a volume of "Select Dialogues of Plato; a New and Literal Version by Henry Cary, M.A." The dialogues selected are: "The Apology of Socrates;" "Crito; or, The Duty of a Citizen;" "Phædo; or, The Immortality of the Soul;" "Gorgias; or, On Rhetoric;" "Protagoras; or, The Sophists;" "Phædrus; or, On the Beautiful;" "Theætetus; or, On Science;" "Euthyphron; or, On Holiness;" and "Lysis; or, On Friendship." The translation is mainly after the text of Stallbaum; and Mr. Cary says he has "endeavored to keep as closely to the original as the idioms of the two languages would allow." To each dialogue an introduction is prefixed, giving a brief outline of the argument, and of the chain of Plato's reasoning, which, without such aid, it is not always easy to follow.

THE growing popularity of Hawthorne's works has induced the publishers (J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston) to issue a new edition of them in the tasteful, convenient, and inexpensive style of the "Little Classics." The series opens with "The Scarlet Letter," and will be completed in twenty-one volumes. These will make a handsome display on the library-shelf, and the whole will cost so little that it cannot be doubted that many new readers will hasten to embrace the opportunity thus offered of becoming acquainted with the great prose masterpieces of American literature.

"Or whatever else," says the *Athenæum*, "a man with average intelligence and education may think himself incapable, he will not confess his inability to write a play. We do not speak of such men as the first Lord Brougham and Vaux or the present Earl Russell, to both of whom nothing was impossible, but of the ordinary run of mortals, who would hesitate to take command of the Channel Fleet or who would sign a contract for making a railway over the Himalayas. The great majority content themselves with the belief that they could if they would. They have but to put themselves in competition with the successful playwrights to excel them all. Only there is the bother of putting pen to paper, and having to find a manager with sufficient sense to appreciate their production when ready for public approval. They decline the trouble, and go through the world happy in the consciousness of their untried ability. But there are others not satisfied with an instinctive belief in their own genius." . . . The last number of the *British Quarterly Review* has a fine example of "constructive" criticism. In an article on "Shakespeare's Character and Early Career," an anonymous writer gives an entirely new version of the great poet's life, proving, to his own satisfaction at least, that Shakespeare's father was not poor, that Shakespeare himself was not uneducated, that his ante-nuptial relations with Anne Hathaway were not immoral, that he was not punished by Sir Thomas Lucy for deer-stealing, that he did not desert his wife and children when he went to London, that his first connection with the stage was not "menial," that his "Sonnets" are not autobiographical, and that his plays were not written in the order usually assigned to them. The article is ingenious and even valuable, but is written in a curiously crude and pretentious style. . . . Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's authorized "Life of Napoleon III." has reached its third volume. . . . A new way of teaching music to the young is by means of a fairy-tale, recently published in London, "forming an allegorical and pictorial exposition of the elements of music." . . . M. Guichard, a French painter, is preparing a great practical and historical work on *Decoration*. He has obtained permission from the administration of the Beaux-Arts to install his studio at the Garde-Meuble, in the very midst of the wealth of all kinds—furniture, tapestry, vases, etc.—belonging to that great national establishment. . . . The son of Hugh Miller is treasuring in his father's steps, both as a geologist and a writer. He has written a biography of his father's life-long friend, Sir Rodrick Murchison, and he is engaged on the geological survey of England. By a curious coincidence, he made his *début* as a writer in the *Inverness Courier*, the same paper as that in which his father did, and under the same editor, Dr. Carruthers. . . . The late M. Athanase Coquerel, *pasteur* of the Socinian church in Paris, had been engaged for upward of four years on a "History of Comparative Religion," with a rationalistic aim in view. The work, though not complete, will be published by his admirers and friends. . . . Taine has nearly completed his "History of the French Revolution." . . . The American edition of the Count de Paris's "History of the Civil War" will be edited and annotated by Professor Henry Coppée, L.L.D. . . . Dr. Austin Flint, Jr., will soon issue, through the press of D. Appleton & Co., "A Text-Book of Human Physiology, designed for the Use of Practitioners and Students of Medicine," which will be illustrated by three lithographic plates and three hundred and thirteen woodcuts.

The Arts.

THE paintings of Fortuny, whose recent death in Rome stirred so profoundly the whole art-world, are little known in America, and hence our readers will be interested in the subjoined description of two of his pictures now in the collection of Mr. Alexander T. Stewart, of this city, by whose courtesy we were enabled to see and study them.

What little we know in this country of the works of Fortuny is derived from etchings, but these, coupled with the interest excited by foreign criticism, have created a great deal of curiosity as to his real standing in art. Delicate and subtle in line, the engravings of his works have the intangible charm of cobwebs; and, to compare them with the effect of music, the sentiment they express seems to resemble the half-morbid, half-passionate fancy of Chopin rather than the robust humanity of Beethoven. Queer, picturesque men, with big thin noses and sharp forms, make love to girls fragile enough for our own nervous Americans, but they are as graceful withal as cats and lithe as serpents. In another mood his thin-shouldered, sharp-elbowed youths and children have a happy, Arcadian gleefulness and tranquillity nearly akin to the antique; and his boys, with bare shoulders and long arms, piping to their goats or sheep on a Roman Campagna or African plain, have a strange and delightful charm. Of the two pictures at Mr. Stewart's, the finer is "The Serpent-Charmer," which is possessed of all Fortuny's peculiarity of conception. A long, lank Moor, or East-Indian, lies prone, stretched on a high-colored mat, and beside him at a little distance a skinny-armed, skeleton-handed old man is watching him. The Moor has a lithe wand in his hand, and with it he makes passes and slow motions, which exasperate, at the same moment they subdue, an immense adder, which is reared before him with flaming eyes and his thin tongue twisting like a flame. We have spoken before of the adaptedness of our own negroes for pictorial delineation, and of the superstitious, half-animal instinct of religion that belongs to them. Many of the Spanish and French artists, such as Regnaud and Fortuny, seem to have caught this aspect of tropical life and of character, and to have translated it into their work. "The Serpent-Charmer" has it in an eminent degree, and, lying on his belly with his long, muscular arms writhing slowly about, his grace and his cunning scarcely raise him above the slimy level of the reptile his enchantment subdues. A few other queer figures beside the old man, gaunt and uncanny, watch the serpent-charmer. A long-legged crane or stork, with tall, scaly legs, and eyes half-closed, contemplates the scene much in the manner of Barnaby Rudge's raven, and one or two dirty, ragged paupers linger on the outskirts of the picture; but so vague and shapeless are these latter that the spectator scarcely knows whether to recognize them as men or as beasts.

The other painting, unfinished, and representing a sea-coast, upon which a multitude of persons are bathing, with two or three

young women sitting on the scrubby, sandy bluff above the shore, is so little like the usual pictures by Fortuny that it is difficult to accept it as his. As is well known, discords are sometimes introduced among musical notes to emphasize the harmonies by contrast; so in painting or drawing, one sort of touch, a long, dragging line, or crisp, *staccato* dabs, with charcoal or paint-brush, give character to the general but different forms of lines or colors. But, as *staccato* or false notes in music lose their good effect by constant repetition, so when we see certain brilliant tricks or methods of painting employed too frequently in a painting the picture is weakened, not strengthened, by it. Boldoni has one of these brilliant tricks to which we allude, and charming is the effect, occasionally, of his little square, cutting touches. But so far does he carry his efforts in this direction, that his sparkling, crisp paint-brush finally pervades every portion of his paintings, and, though the tints of his canvas are pure and bright, as compositions they lack repose, either of form or light and shade. All is sparkle, but it gets very tedious. Fortuny's picture of the bathers is done, or rather commenced, in somewhat the same way. It is unfair to pronounce upon an unfinished production, but, if this picture expresses at all the ultimate aim of the artist, the broken lights in a brilliant sky, the flecking light on persons and on the scenery, make this painting appear rather a brilliant *tour de force* with a palette-knife than possessed of any very high qualities as a work of art.

JAMES CRAWFORD THOM has two large pictures upon the easel, illustrating river-scenes in France, which he contemplates sending, when finished, to the Centennial Exhibition. One represents an early morning view of a great flat-boat drawn up by the river-bank, loaded and in readiness to start. It is a ferry-boat, and the rope by which it is propelled extends across the river, and a sturdy boy at the stern is already trying to pull it into the stream. The load is composed of women and children going to the fields across the river, a drove of sheep, bundles of hay, and other objects peculiar to agricultural life. There is a boy with his fishing-line thrown out for trolling, and the girls are amusing themselves with the antics of a pet kid upon the bundles of hay. The sky has the peculiar gray tone streaked with the mellow and rich colors of early morning, and a semi-transparent mist yet hangs over the water. The pendant is an evening scene on the river-bank, and might be termed "The Return from the Harvest-Field." A group of peasant women and children are on their way home from the fields. There is the old grandmother with a pitchfork on her shoulder, and a young woman—the mother, evidently, of the children. The baby sits crowing upon a bundle of hay on a wheelbarrow. The group is very prettily composed, and is waiting for the ferry-boat, which is yet on the farther side of the river. There is a grove of trees on the left, which show the crimson and golden tones of early autumn, and the sky is yet brilliant with the

reflected light of a late sunset. These paintings are only laid in, but the artist's motive is apparent, and that the finish will be as brilliant as the beginning we have no doubt. The canvases are about four by six feet in size. Mr. Thom is very successful in his illustration of French peasant-life, and his work is strongly suggestive of the school of Edouard Frère, under the influence of which he received his artistic education. He is particularly happy in his pictures of the homely little Brittany peasant-children, and, in spite of their rude attire, he invests them with a feeling of poetry and rustic grace which is, in every sense, attractive. One of his latest works of this character is entitled "The Swing." It is a wood-scene, with a swing attached to an overhanging limb by the side of the path, and children playing around it. The only boy in the group has, as usual, secured the swing, and is enjoying the sport at the expense of the little girls who are beside him. The figures are pictures of health and rural happiness, and the bright colors given in their quaintly-fashioned suits are in delightful harmony with the fresh, green foliage against which their little forms are drawn. The foreground weeds and shrubbery are painted with great care, but very broadly; and the gradations of color, from the strong and brilliant tones in sunlight to the more distant points in the shadows of the woods, are skillfully handled and very expressive. The atmospheric effect is tenderly suggested, and the feeling is heightened by the introduction of a cool gray background, and a pale-blue sky, flecked with orange-tinted cloud-forms. This canvas is of cabinet size, and in finish represents Mr. Thom's best work. One of Mr. Thom's studies, made last summer, is also worthy of mention, owing to the high degree of finish to which it was carried. It is a brook-scene in the woods, with the water tumbling over moss-covered rocks, and is very brilliant in light and shade. The browns and greens in the foreground are strong and effective, and in rich contrast to the light and sunny background. Ducks sporting in the running water, and children playing on the rocks, give additional interest to the study. Every matter of detail, such as the fallen leaves, mosses and lichens on the moist rocks, and the mouldering *débris* of the forest, is carefully painted, and the earnestness of the work is creditable to the genius of the artist.

B. F. REINHART is painting a large and interesting composition, the subject of which is drawn from the early colonial history of Virginia. It portrays an incident in the life of the Indian girl Pocahontas, and relates to her gift of corn to the famine-stricken settlers of the Jamestown colony. The scene is in a forest-path, and the Indian princess is represented leading a group of girls bearing baskets filled with corn. The figure of Pocahontas is naked to the waist. Her long, dark hair falls loosely over her shoulders, and from the waist to the feet her form is clad in richly-embroidered skins. The path through the woods is bright with sunlight, and the dusky figures of the Indian girls make a pretty picture as they glide, in-

dian fashion, in the winding road through the trees. Pocahontas is made the most prominent feature in the composition, and every matter of detail connected with the figure has been studied with great care. The drawing is graceful, and, as far as finished, the coloring is excellent. The effect of the leading figure is greatly heightened by the introduction of the sunlit background. Mr. Reinhart expects to finish this picture early in November, and has several other historical compositions under consideration for the exercise of his pencil during the winter.

A CORRESPONDENT claims as indigenous to Chicago the decoration of wooden panels by placing successive layers of different kinds of wood together, and carving away the successive layers, preserving form as well as outline, and thus bringing several materials and colors directly under the artist's hand. After the panel is prepared the artist has only to draw and to carve, and is not troubled with any mechanical processes. The effects produced, especially when holly and ebony are used, are somewhat like cameo-work, for gradations are got, not only by the form of the carving, but by reducing the outer layers to such thinness as to show the color of the wood which is under through the outer layer. Color and gold have been added to these panels with good pictorial effect. The general treatment in such case is very similar to cathedral glass-work.

THE last report of the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry in France contains a communication on some pottery made at Sévres in imitation of that beautiful enameled ware of Japan, in which the open work of the filigree ornamentation is filled up with different-colored enamels, so as to give the appearance of bronze with *cloisonné* enamels. Six specimens of this kind of decoration manufactured at Sévres were exhibited by M. Salvétat, at the general meeting of the society. Two of these were of soft paste porcelain glazed on the inside, but with the outside surface left dull and decorated after the muffle with enamels set in rich copper filigree, afterward electroplated with gold. Others were of common earthen-ware with copper filigree over them. These cannot rightly be called imitations, for nothing exactly like them is known to have been produced before, even in Japan. No doubt this elaborate method of ornamentation will be carried to still greater perfection by practice. It opens out a new mode of decorating pottery, which can be made either costly or not, according as the filigree is of gold, silver, or platinum, or simply of the beautiful red copper so well adapted for stone-ware and the common kinds of pottery.

THE three steel-plates in the ART JOURNAL for November will consist of Bierstadt's "Halt in the Yosemite Valley," Gustave Doré's "Homeless," and two etchings by the English artist Brandard, representing a cottage-scene and a rustic boy. The wood-engravings comprise three choice engraved examples of John George Naish, an English marine painter; two exquisite specimens of the American artist Bricher; the second of Mr. Elliott's series of papers on "Household Art;" some finely-engraved examples of cameos; a cor-

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tinuation of Sir Archibald Alcock's articles on Japanese art; the eleventh installment of the Landseer sketches; an engraving of the Royal Albert Yacht-Club cup, presented by Mr. Loubat, of this city, to the club; and sundry other matters, illustrated and otherwise, making a very rich and varied number. (D. Appleton & Co., publishers.)

MISS FOLEY's design for a fountain, which she intends to send to the Centennial Exhibition, is described as follows: It is intended to represent children in the bath, and it might, therefore, be appropriately termed "The Bath of Beauty." The children are life-size, of the age of four, six, and nine. The fountain consists of an artistic arrangement of two basins, measuring about seven feet from the lip of the upper basin to the base of the lower one. The diameter of the lower basin is seven and a half or eight feet. The fountain is the first work of Miss Foley on a large scale. . . . The colossal corner group of the Albert Memorial, Hyde Park, London, representing "Amerasia," is to be reproduced in *terra-cotta*, under the direction of Mr. Bell, the sculptor, especially for exhibition at the Philadelphia Centennial. . . . The people of Philadelphia have the object in view of establishing an Industrial Art-Museum in the Quaker City, based upon a somewhat similar plan to that of the South Kensington Museum, London, to be placed in Memorial Hall, at the close of the Centennial Exposition next year. . . . A communication received in England from the Hague intimates the formation of a committee to erect a statue in honor of Spinoza, the second centenary anniversary of whose death (1677) is near at hand. . . . Under the title of "Ariadne Florentina," Mr. John Ruskin has recently published a work on Florentine embroidery, into which he has introduced a description of three remarkable pieces of needle-work which he discovered in a room in the King's Arms Hotel at Lancaster, where he passed a night. The subject of these tapestries was the history of Isaac and Ishmael, and Mr. Ruskin recognised in their treatment and execution many of the qualities of the Florentine school of embroidery. . . . It is proposed to erect a monument and statue, from a design by Sir Gilbert Scott, R. A., at Wisbech, to Thomas Clarkson, a coadjutor of Wilberforce in the suppression of the slave-traffic. . . . Mr. Ewing, sculptor, of Glasgow, has completed the model for the Burns statue, which is to be placed in that city.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

October 5, 1875.

MAKE ready your softest handkerchiefs to weep, and your stoutest gloves and canes and umbrellas wherewith to applaud, O lovers of the drama in the United States, for one great as Salvini, nay, in some respects greater, will soon be among you. I have had a foretaste of the dramatic feast awaiting you. I have seen Ernesto Rossi.

The play was "Othello," of course, the one of all others wherein he most fully challenged comparison with his splendid rival. "It was, beyond expression, delightful to catch a glimpse of Shakespeare once more, even through the dim, distorted medium of a mediocre translation. After Racine and Molière and Voltaire, it was like beholding Niagara after watching the play of the fountains at Versailles. For is not the one Nature itself in

its grandest development, and the other art in its most forced and formal type?

The performance was given at the disused Italian Opera-House for the benefit of *les inondés*. The audience was large, and mainly composed of English and Italians, the curiosity of the first being evidently roused by the immense success of Salvini in England. In the depths of a *baignoire* Sarah Bernhardt sat enthroned, her great eyes shining amid the shadows like twin blue stars. Mounet Sully of the Française, and Masset of the Odéon, were also present. I wonder what the former thought of his own *Oromache* in "Zaire," after witnessing that magnificent picture of wrath and jealousy and remorse!

The first entrance of Rossi was somewhat disappointing to those who, like myself, had a vivid recollection of Salvini in the character. He lacked the grand dignity wherewith Salvini filled the eye with a perfect image of the "noble Moor." Then, too, his version omits the rencontre between the adherents of *Brabantio* and the followers of *Othello*, and that fine moment when the Moor stays the quarrel:

"Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them,

Both you of my inclining and the rest!"

So I could make no comparison between the lightning impetuosity of Booth or the proud calm of Salvini with Rossi's own conception of the point. Next came the scene before the senate, and then the new *Othello* began to take shape and form before my eyes.

Signor Rossi possesses as powerful and commanding a *physique* as does Salvini. His features, as far as one could judge through the paint wherewith they were covered, are scarcely as handsome as are those of his rival, but are equally mobile and expressive. His eyes are blue, and they shone with a peculiar lustre from out their dusky setting. His voice is clear, powerful, and sonorous—less rich, perhaps, than that of Salvini, but equally impressive. And as to genius, there is not, I should say, a pin to choose between the two great actors. Both of them are tragedians "by the grace of God," and not by dint of study and of talent.

The fundamental idea of Rossi's *Othello* differs widely from that of Salvini. Rossi is essentially the soldier, roughened by war and camps, free-hearted, high-souled, and debonaire. Salvini was the "noble Moor," the great Venetian general, all dignity and grace till stung to madness and roused to fury. Rossi's *Othello* in the first act is brimming over with joy at the full fruition of his hopes. He laughs to scorn the anger of *Brabantio*. He tells the story of his wooing, not in calm and dignified phrase, but with the glad exultation of a conqueror. He clasps his bride when she enters with a proud delight, as though he would say, "Mine—mine at last, and in despite of all." But I did not like his gesture when *Brabantio* utters those stinging words, which seem to be the key-note of the whole tragedy:

"Look to her, Moor—have a quick eye to see:
She hath deceived her father, and may thee."

Rossi starts from *Desdemona* and throws up his arms with a melodramatic "Ha!" which seemed to me exaggerated and inappropriate. Far nobler was the momentary thrill that shook Salvini's Moor, and the swift recoil of love and trustfulness—

"My life upon her faith!"

The meeting of *Othello* and *Desdemona* at the island of Cyprus was always one of Salvini's

finest points. The passionate gladness, the love, too intense for utterance, of that moment were never so rendered before, and probably never will be so again. Therein Rossi failed to equal the memory of his predecessor. But in the next act, in the scene where *Iago* first plants his poisoned dagger in the noble, unsuspecting heart of the Moor, the great tragedian stood confessed in full equality with his magnificent rival, and yet in no one particular resembling him. The *Othello* of Salvini is a wounded tiger, that of Rossi is a blinded lion. Salvini's "farewell" to the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war!" is the wail of a breaking heart. That of Rossi is a cry of supreme agony. Salvini strives to crush *Iago*; Rossi clutches him with a scream of fury, and would fain rend him to pieces. At the moment when *Othello* next beholds *Desdemona*, the changes of Rossi's countenance were marvelous to witness—the sudden return of the olden love and faith, and then the swift relapse into doubt and madness and unutterable misery. The whirlwind of applause that followed this scene was something marvelous to hear in a French theatre. Three times was the great actor summoned before the curtain to bow to his wildly-enthusiastic admirers.

The fourth act was as grandly rendered as its predecessor. One strange omission was to be noticed in the text, namely, that of the scene where *Othello* asks *Desdemona* for the handkerchief, which Salvini used to render with such concentrated and deadly quietude of fury. And then the curtain rose on the last act.

Up to that time I had found Rossi less great than Salvini in the first and second acts, and fully equal to him in the third and fourth. But in the last act he surpassed both his rival and himself. The bed of *Desdemona* stood in an alcove draped with curtains at the back of the stage. A lamp that burned within threw a red lustre on the features of *Othello*, for in that alcove the whole of the last interview takes place. *Desdemona* does not rise from her couch, and *Othello*, standing beside it or half kneeling on it, pursues his terrible interrogatory, at last clutching his hapless victim by the throat in a very spasm of vindictive and jealous rage. As he hurls her backward on the bed the curtains fall, and the murder is hidden from our eyes. Rossi was perfectly magnificent in this scene. As he towered over *Desdemona* with upraised arms and passion-distorted features beneath the red rays of the lamp, he looked as grandly terrible as some image of a destroying fiend or avenging angel. But the end—the end—the utter prostration of that powerful nature, the total heart-break, the unutterable remorse, and woe, and misery—"oh, the pity of it, *Iago*, the pity of it!" As the swift realization of his anguish swept over him, he rushed to the bed, caught the dead form of *Desdemona* in his arms, folded her to his breast, and stroked back her disheveled hair with a gesture of such indescribable pathos that the emotion of the moment became a pain almost too sharp for mimic passion to arouse. Like Salvini, Rossi's *Othello* does not stab himself, but cuts his throat; but, more in accordance with Shakespeare's text, the latter totters back to *Desdemona*, "to die upon a kiss," and after that last supreme effort and last embrace he falls backward dead upon the couch.

"Look on the tragic loading of that bed," were the words that rose to my lips as the curtain fell.

The whole of the last act is indeed more thoroughly in accordance with the original than is the version given by Salvini.

Most heartily do I congratulate the lovers of the nobler drama in the United States on the coming feast in store for them.* For he who has seen Bossi after seeing Salvini has beheld all things possible in dramatic art. The force of acting can no further go.

It is a singular, but, I think, an almost unrecorded fact, in Bossi's career, that he was once engaged to give a series of representations in French at the Galté, when that theatre was under the management of Victor Koning. He was to have created the title-rôle in a tragedy called "Lercori," by M. Ferdinand Dugué. But at the last moment the great actor found it impossible to divest his French of its Italian accent, and so the project was relinquished. O Parisians! what have you not lost by that relinquishment! for where in all your myriad theatres, from the lordly Française down to the humble Cluny, will you find a tragedian fit to hold the extreme end of a farthing rush-light to this consummate and magnificent artist!

The tragedy of "Napoléon III," of which I spoke in my last, turns out to be most weak and atrocious stuff. The first part is taken up with the wooing of the *Comtesse de Tola*, who is in love with a certain young gentleman named *Gaston*, and therefore hesitates to accept the imperial crown matrimonial of France. Then we have a scene of jealousy between *Eugénie* and *Napoléon*, brought about by an anonymous letter addressed to the former, and recounting her husband's flirtations with *Marguerite Bellanger*; but on his declaring that the charge is unfounded she instantly believes him, like a good wife, and begs his pardon for suspecting him. There is a faint gleam of dramatic effect in the last act, which shows the empress in the Tuilleries after the catastrophe of Sedan. A character, vaguely designated as a *Man*, and representing the republican party, treats her to a violent invective against the empire, and bids her depart. "Where are my dearest friends?" she cries. "They were the first to go," is the answer. Taken altogether, the little brochure can merely be regarded as a literary and perhaps a political curiosity, for it possesses neither poetic nor dramatic merit.

Michel Lévy is shortly to issue a work by Auguste Vacquerie (the intimate friend of Victor Hugo, and one of the editors of the *Rappel*), which bears the somewhat ominous title of "To-day and To-morrow." The same firm has also just published a new edition of "La Mer," by Michelet, and a second edition of "Le Bleuët," by Gustave Haller, which novel is very highly praised by George Sand. The Librairie Illustrée announces a cheap illustrated edition of Jules Claretie's historical novel of "Les Muscadins," to be published in weekly parts, at ten cents each. E. Plon et Cie. will shortly publish a novel entitled "Military Households," by Madame Claire de Chaudeneux. The Bibliothèque Charpentier announces a posthumous work by the late Philarrète Chasles, entitled "The Social Physiology of New Nations," and also the sixth volume of the "Histoire des Français," by Théophile Lavallée, and several new novels, one of which bears the attractive title of "Mesdames les Parisiennes." A second edition of Jules Labarte's magnificent illustrated work, "Les Arts Industriels au Moyen Age et à l'Epoque de la Renaissance," has just been issued by the Librairie Centrale

d'Architecture. For the benefit of those who may chance to possess a copy of the first edition of this splendid work, I must state that the price of perfect copies has risen to two hundred and sixty dollars for the octavo edition, and three hundred dollars for the quarto. The price of the new edition unbound will be sixty dollars.

The restoration of the Abbey of St.-Denis, under the skillful guidance of Viollet-le-Duc, is rapidly approaching completion. It is said that the renovated edifice will be formally reopened with a solemn service on the day of the saint to which it was dedicated. There was talk at one time of depriving Viollet-le-Duc of his post as director-in-chief of the works undertaken by the government for restoring the public edifices of France, on account of his being a freethinker, but I am happy to learn that a wiser and more liberal policy has prevailed. Possibly it was found impossible to discover any one who could replace him in his arduous functions.

M. Campo-Casso, the second director of the theatreless Théâtre Lyrique, has resigned his empty honors in despair of finding a theatre wherein to install the organization of which he had been named the chief. The position of the Théâtre Lyrique is becoming farcical. It is a positive institution, possessing a director and a subvention from the government, and a good *répertoire*, and there are crowds of singers and swarms of composers all waiting to lend it their aid, and yet no home can be found for it. The position of the Italian Opera is precisely the reverse. There stands the deserted Salle Ventadour, with never a singer to startle its echoes with the tongue of Dante set to the music of Verdi. Why not join forces? one would naturally ask. Why should not the opera that has no home find a dwelling-place in the opera-house which possesses no company? Unfortunately for the Théâtre Lyrique, the Salle Ventadour has been engaged for the month of April by M. Esoudier, who is then to bring out "Aida," and so its managers shrank from attempting a temporary installation.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

MR. HENRY IRVING has put his foot in it—I beg pardon, he has made a *faux pas*. His *Macbeth* is a big failure—nearly all the critics agree in that. It is not the *Macbeth* Shakespeare drew, but a weak, white-livered *Macbeth*, whom one feels inclined to hiss and hoot. Parts of the performance actually verge on the ludicrous—to wit, the murder-scene, which the young tragedian sadly overdoes. In this the whining intonation of his voice is simply insufferable. Then, again, he mouths his words terribly—light with him becomes ly-y-yght; blood, with him, bloo-oo-d. Yet, notwithstanding all this, Mr. Irving's rendering of the part has many merits. Now and again—as, for instance, in the banquet and death scenes—he is intensely realistic and powerful. In the former scene, especially, he thrills the audience through and through. As a whole, however, to quote one of our most able critics, his *Macbeth* is "but a weak and paltry creation." It can't "run." Miss "Leah" Bateman, too, is an unsatisfactory *Lady Macbeth*, and Mr. Swinburne very uneven as *Macduff*; but the scenery and costumes are admirable.

The audience on the first night comprised, naturally, not a few notabilities. Miss Bradon was there for one, so was the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Strangely enough, the man

who seemed to appreciate Mr. Irving's performance the most was Mr. John Oxenford. More than once did that venerable, white-haired dramatic critic stand up in his private box and lead the applause; more than once his attempts to lead the applause were ignored.

Mr. John Oxenford, the well-known dramatic critic of the *Times*, and Mr. Horace Wigan, the lessee of the Mirror, erst the Holborn Theatre, have "collaborated," but not very successfully. The piece of theirs called "Self," which has just been brought out at the theatre named, turns out to be a French adaptation, and one which is partly spoiled in the process of "filtering." The plot is tragic—indeed, it has quite a "Romeo and Juliet" termination, for in the end both the hero and heroine give up the ghost. The heroine is a young widow; she falls in love with, and ultimately marries, a *roué*, one of the worst of his kind; and, though she does all she can to make him a respectable member of society, her labor is in vain. Not only does he rob her and lie to her, but he becomes enamoured of another woman. This is more than she can stand, so she locks all the doors, and then tells him to look through the cracks. She has set the house on fire! The tableau ends—and a striking one it is—by his carrying her through the flames. In the next act we find him just recovered from a delirium. As for his wife, she has lost her reason, but just before she dies she recognizes him; then he dies, too. The acting, except that of Miss Rose Coghlan (who plays the heroine) and Mr. Wigan (who personates a techy old schemer), is only second rate—a fact which led in some measure to the drama being by no means favorably received on the first night. A burlesque on Auber's "Les Diamants de la Couronne"—Mr. Robert Reece, the author, calls it "The Half-Crown Diamonds"—follows, and goes capiti. It is full of brightness.

Mr. H. J. Byron is again triumphant. He has made another success—and a very big success it promises to be. His "new and original comedy," "Married in Haste," has just been produced at the Haymarket amid no end of enthusiasm. Indeed, I never saw a piece more warmly received. Critics as well as the general audience joined in the laughter and applause. And no wonder, for the comedy is full of epigram and smart sentences. If the dialogue is not always natural, it is at least nearly always sunny, and very often brilliant. Mr. Byron himself plays a prominent part—that of *Mr. Gibson Greene*, a mature man about town, who knows everybody, and whose *sang-froid* and power of repartee are something astonishing. It is hardly necessary to say that the plot is simple—Mr. Byron never goes in for intricacy; hence in a measure his success. He draws ordinary characters—characters that you may jostle against any day in the streets; and his incidents are incidents that are probably taking place in some part of this terrestrial sphere at the present moment. But here is the story, as condensed by one of our best critics:

"The people who are 'Married in Haste' are *Augustus Grenville* and *Ethel Granger*. They are both of a romantic disposition, and prone to regard life from a sentimental point of view. Before marriage the gentleman, though he has great expectations from a rich bachelor uncle, is content to pass for a drawing-master, and, in that capacity, wins the heart of his pupil, the daughter of a retired manufacturer. In the full belief that her suitor is a painter passionately devoted to his art, and dependent upon it for support, the lady resolves, at whatever risk to her own prospects, to bestow her hand upon the man of her

* Our correspondent had not heard, of course, when this was written, of Bossi's unaccountable abandonment of his intention to visit us.—ED. JOURNAL.

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choice. Though they should both be cut off with the proverbial angry shilling, what of that? Renouncing fortune, they are, to use their own phrase, quite prepared to combine their two negatives to make the unpopular affirmative—poverty. Thus matters stand when the sudden appearance upon the scene of *Mr. Gibson Greene* causes no little commotion. He hauls down *Greenville's* false colors, and sets him forth as a young fellow in the best 'set,' and whose fine prospects make him a personage of importance in the estimation of match-makers. This revelation has a magical effect upon *Ethel's* father, a vulgar parvenu, who now receives with open arms the artist whom but a minute before he had turned ignominiously out-of-doors. There is much surprise but no change in the lovers, who soon become man and wife. Thus far all goes well; but *Greenville's* uncle, *Mr. Percy Pendragon*, an eccentric votary of old 'Chelseas' and *bric-à-brac*, taking mortal offense at the hasty marriage, refuses to do any thing for his nephew; and *Mr. Grainger* comes to grief through rash speculations upon the Stock Exchange, and is unable to assist his daughter, so that the young couple are thrown upon their own resources. They have a hard struggle of it, and make but little way in their profession, their progress being mainly impeded by the perverse conduct of the husband, who, jealous of his wife's superior talent, forbids her to sell her pictures, though he can hardly get a market for his own. The tradespeople grow importunate, and, when poverty comes in at the door, peace, if not love, flies out at the window. *Greenville* becomes reckless, keeps bad hours, and is continually seen in the park with one of his 'sitters,' who has no suspicion that he is a married man. Thus things go from bad to worse, till in a fatal hour the neglected wife, maddened by jealousy, yields to the evil counsels of her relative, and commits the grave indiscretion of quitting her husband's for her father's roof. Thus the rueful old proverb is vindicated, and they who marry in haste repent at leisure. But in the present case both parties are loyal *au fond*. Love gradually resumes its empire over either heart. There is a generous acknowledgment of faults on each side. Old friends are won back; the gruff old uncle relents; Fortune at last smiles upon the 'miserable' painter, whose works are not only accepted at Burlington House, but even hang upon the line; and the reconciliation of husband and wife brings the play to a happy termination."

From this you will see that the action of the piece is commonplace enough, yet, nevertheless, it "holds" the audience from beginning to end. As I overheard a young swell in the stalls remark, "It's all so natural, you know, you can't help liking it." The acting, moreover, is, as a whole, excellent. Mr. Byron is simply irresistible as *Greene*—you're bound to chuckle over his dry remarks, while Mr. Hermann Vezin personates that testy old virtuous *Pendragon* to the life. No one will be surprised if "Married in Haste" has as long a run as "Our Boys."

The just-constituted Copyright Commission is by no means likely to give satisfaction either to novelists, poets, or journalists. True, among the commissioners are Lord Stanhope, Mr. Jenkins, M. P. (of "Ginx's Baby" fame), Mr. Fitzjames Stephens, Mr. Daldy, Dr. William Smith (Mr. Daldy and Mr. Smith will look after the publishers' interests), Sir Julius Benedict, and Sir Louis Mallet. But, after all, what have any of these gentlemen, excepting Mr. Jenkins, done to give them a right to such a position? And what, in the name of common-sense or any thing else, have Sir Drummond Wolff and Sir Charles Young done in the literary world that they should be made commissioners? I question very much if either of these two last-named gentlemen, with handles to their names, can write even grammatically. Altogether the Commission has failure written on its face.

There was a funny scene at Glasgow a few days ago—it was one highly characteristic of the inhabitants of that smoky city, and took place on Mr. Sims Reeves, our sweetest and most popular of tenors, appearing there at a ballad concert. Mr. Reeves, on the occasion in question, sang, among other national songs, "Auld Lang Syne." Now, it so happened that the canny Scot who drew up the programme had, unbeknown to our favorite warbler, inserted a paragraph inviting the audience to join in the chorus to the famous ditty, and this, it may be guessed, they did with right good-will, but very much indeed—the good folk of "Glasgie" have not the most silvern of voices—to Mr. Reeves's disgust. The consequence was, that he had to conjure them to desist, which ultimately they did; but it is just possible that they have done no end of harm to Mr. Reeves's tympanum.

WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

THE TAMING OF BATS.

PROFESSOR BURT G. WILDER communicates to THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY for October an interesting and instructive paper on "Bats and their Young," in which the writer details his experience when engaged in the novel attempt to tame and domesticate one of these strange creatures. In addition to this narrative, founded on personal observation, the writer presents certain general descriptions of several members of this interesting family, and closes with an illustrated description of the embryo and the several stages of its growth. A brief summary of this paper may be given as follows: Having found recorded but two cases in which bats were domesticated, the writer determined to test the truth of these records by personal observation. The individual whose training was thus taken in hand was one of our common bats, which are the dread of all housewives and their children. It was caught at night under a hat, the usual method, and in the morning was as wild and vicious as an unbroken Rarey colt. When touched, the jaws opened wide, expos-

tic of the species, and by which their presence may be recognized in the dark.

Aware of the ravenous appetite which these creatures all seem to possess, the captor made his first attempt at conciliation by presenting to his captive a big fly. This dainty morsel, presented on a pair of forceps, was quickly seized, crunched, and swallowed. A second fly went the same road. With the presentation of a third, the tactics of the experimenter were changed, in that he attempted, while the fly was being masticated, to pat the devourer's head. "Instantly," says the record, "all was changed. The jaws gaped as if they would separate, the crushed fly dropped from the tongue, and the well-known click proclaimed a hatred and defiance which hunger could not subdue nor food appease." Several fruitless attempts of this kind having been made, it was deemed expedient to postpone the caress until the bat seemed actually swallowing and unable to either discontinue that process or open its mouth to any extent. The result of this final strategic triumph is described as follows: "Its rage and perplexity were comical to behold, and, when the fly was really down, it



Fig. 2.—Long-Eared English Bat (*Plecotus auritus*).



Fig. 1.—Common English Bat (*Vespertilio communis*).

ing its sharp teeth, and from its little throat came the sharp, steely clicks so characteris-

seemed to almost burst with the effort to express its indignation. But this did not prevent its falling into the trap again; and, to make a long story short, it finally learned by experience that, while chewing and swallowing were more or less interrupted by snapping at its captor, both operations were quite compatible with the gentle stroking of its head." All that seemed now needed was patience, which in the end was fully rewarded. In a few days flies would be taken direct from the fingers, and soon captor and captive became such good friends that the latter would shuffle across the room when the professor entered, and lift up its head for the expected fly. Thus fairly tamed, an advance could be made, and additional knowledge obtained as to the habits of the subject. Its voracity is described as almost incredible. For several weeks it devoured at

least fifty house-flies a day, and once disposed of eighty between daybreak and sunset.



Fig. 3.—Vampire-Bat of South America (*Vampirus spectrum*).

Another observer, writing of the common, long-eared bat (*Plecotus auritus*), Fig. 2, describes its method of capturing its prey, in which it appears that, after pouncing upon it, instead of taking it directly into its mouth, it covered the victim with its body and beat it by the aid of its arms, etc., into the bag formed by the interfemoral membrane, whence it was withdrawn and devoured.

Passing from these accounts of taming, we are made familiar, by the aid of an illustration (Fig. 3), with the dreaded vampire, but the class of bats which injure men and larger animals is declared to be very small. All of our own bats, and most of those in other lands, feed on insects, using their sharp teeth only in defensive warfare; while, as in the case of the Roussettes and other larger kinds, the food is fruits; and even men have been found brave or hungry enough to declare these bats good eating.

Recognizing the existence of an almost universal prejudice against these creatures, the writer attributes this distrust to their

"seems to be either a bird, with hair and teeth, bringing forth its young alive, or a mammal with wings, and the general aspect and habit of a bird." That the bat is a mammal is clearly demonstrated: it agrees with moles, rats, sheep, horses, cats, monkeys, and men, in bringing forth its young, and nursing them with milk. There are other anatomical features which link the bats closely with the moles, shrews, and hedge-hogs. Having advanced thus far, Professor Wilder enters upon a field of special physiological and biological interest, and gives a valuable illustrated description of the embryo in its several stages of growth and development. As this strictly professional portion of the paper will not admit of condensation, the reader is referred to the original communication for further information on this special branch of the subject. The facts that bats are not known to have nests like birds,

and that they have no other way of caring for their young save by carrying them hanging to their fur during flight, suggest inquiry as to the number and size of their offspring. In answer to these questions, we learn that in one case two unborn young weighed two-thirds as much as the parent. It thus appears that the bat must be gifted with extraordinary strength of muscle to fly with such a burden, and this condition suggests the inquiry whether, since a bat can fly with nearly double its ordinary weight, a man could not so far reduce his weight as to enable him, by special cultivation of the pectoral muscles, to work effectively a pair of wings less extensive than those now supposed to be required. So it appears that, in addition to the legitimate results obtained from these investigations, a hint has been obtained which may prove of direct practical service to man.

ROBERT LAWSON, M. B., pathologist to the West Riding Lunatic Asylum, contributes to the *Lancet* a paper on brains and intellect, which, in addition to the many interesting facts presented, contains an ingenious defense of the universal insanity theory. We condense from the communication as follows: As opposed to the popular idea that the weight of the brain bears a direct relation to the intellectual capacity of the individual, we learn that, though Cuvier, Abercrombie, Simpson, and others, were found to have possessed cerebral centres of considerably more than the average weight, yet even these did not attain to the known maximum. The sixty-four-ounce brain of Cuvier is, in some respects, balanced by the sixty-five-ounce brain observed by Tiedemann, and the sixty-one and sixty-two ounce brains commented on by Dr. Peacock, the living representatives of which did not seem to possess a corresponding superiority over their smaller-brained contemporaries. It furthermore appears that, if all the elements of the

case were considered, the heaviest brain on record would be found to be that of a senile

dement who died at the West Riding Asylum at the age of seventy, and which then weighed sixty-one ounces. Additional evidence in support of these views is cited from the official records of this same institution. It appears that a compilation of the brain-weights of seven hundred and five patients who died at this asylum shows that the average weight of brains in the insane was little, if any, below the commonly-accepted average of forty-nine ounces in sane males, and forty-four ounces in adult females. There are numerous instances in the records of the West Riding and other lunatic asylums, in which male brains are noted as weighing from fifty-eight to sixty-one ounces, and those of females from fifty to fifty-six ounces. In further illustration and enforcement of his claim, the writer gives the following table, in which the brain-weights of six men, who have earned fame in science, philosophy, or politics, are directly compared and contrasted with those of men whose lives have been mute and inglorious:

	Dr. Chalmers,	53 oz.	Lunatic,	58 oz.
	Daniel Webster,	53.5 "	"	58 "
	Sir J. G. Simpson,	54 "	"	58.5 "
	Goodair,	57.5 "	"	59.5 "
	Abercrombie,	63 "	"	60.5 "
	Cuvier,	64 "	"	61 "

From this table it appears that, while the brains of Abercrombie and Cuvier exceed in weight any others recorded in the second column, yet the average of the six wise men falls below that of the six fools. Passing from this—the record of facts—we would briefly review the writer's conclusions, which are certainly of ingenious if not startling character. These conclusions are, in brief, a defense of the theory that great wit is nearly allied to madness. "If," says the writer, "the occasional occurrence of very heavy brains among men of great ability is no proof of the general proposition that all men of great intellectual capacity have heavy brains, neither is the fact that very heavy brains are found among lunatics proof that large brains are not, *ceteris paribus*, characteristic of the capability or existence of great mental power. The occurrence among men of great ability, or even genius, of instances in which lunacy may be regarded as having tinged the products of their minds, and, in some instances, impregnated their works with the impassioned fervor which alone ennobles them, shows that such an assumption would be altogether gratuitous. Such men, for instance, as Byron, Shelley, Poe, Lamb, Cowper, and, in some degree, Dean Swift, have given evidence in their writings and their lives of such a taint. From the time of St. Paul, the fervid apostle, Lucretius the philosophic, and Dante the melancholic poet, down to that of Dr. Johnson, the apostle of common-sense, the men are numerous who have had ascribed to them the combination of much learning and more or less madness; and even in more recent times a veil lies over the lives of many of our great men and great women, which, if it were to be removed, would show that some of those who have charmed us with their brilliancy and helped to mould us by their power have not been exempt from the occasional or constant workings of the genius of insanity. Every day the observation of the poet that great wit is nearly allied to madness gains a wider and more practical acceptance." That the writer does not stand alone in this assumption he proves by quoting from Dr. Wilks, who, in a recent number of the *Journal of Mental Sciences*, goes so far as to claim that it is the insane element which imparts what we call genius to the human race, "the true celestial fire," and thus it is that the



Fig. 4.—Flying-Fox or Roussette (*Pteropus rubicollis*).

apparent non-conformity to either of the common animal types. "The bat," he writes,

madman has to have in the writer of the inventor, eating the tainted with in certain blood may might easily given gone whole mass stances and places little rest evidence there are determine of these he "It is worth brain reform (ances), the quite as ob As I have n the last tw what was th their gyri; multiplicity than large s city may rea

THE "of soft iron experiments son, with in ments were tory at Glas stance two soft iron, we stance of two helix was a these wires, passed throu ind. From we learn the magnetism d tached to th mitted to st however, the opposite char creased with creased on t obtained by c

THE report facts of stress noticed above tain kindred fessor Barret effects of her and wires. I that, if steel the usual met certain point metal cease to also fails to fr time during lasts varies w the wire after cool slowly, t the contraction ed point is re place on heati change occurs checked, and ing the wire t The problem that will mer phyciasts, and practical align

Our reader some time ag Professor Hof of preparing

madman has been called inspired, and thought to have in him a touch of divinity. Nor does the writer recede from this proposition in view of the inevitable conclusion. Though deprecating the possible propagation of a race tainted with insanity, he still concludes that, in certain instances, the infusion of insane blood may be desirable, believing that it might easily be shown that such infusion has given genius to a whole family, leavening the whole mass. Though, as appears in the instances and table above cited, Dr. Lawson places little value on the brain-weight as direct evidence of intellectual capacity, yet that there are cranial characteristics tending to determine this he believes, and to the nature of these he refers, in conclusion, as follows: "It is worthy of renewed notice that, in the brain referred to in the first case (sixty-one ounces), the complexity of the convolutions is quite as characteristic as the unusual weight. As I have not seen the brains referred to in the last two instances, I am unable to say what was the extent of the differentiation of their gyri; but the general principle that the multiplicity of the gyri is more characteristic than large size as a gauge of intellectual capacity may readily be accepted as a safe one."

THE "effects of stress on the magnetism of soft iron" has been made the subject of experimental observations by Sir W. Thomson, with interesting results. These experiments were conducted in the physical laboratory at Glasgow University. In the first instance two wires, one of steel, the other of soft iron, were stretched from the roof, a distance of twenty feet. An electro-magnetic helix was adjusted around a few inches of these wires, so that, by means of a current passed through it, the wires could be magnetized. From a report of the results obtained, we learn that, when steel wire was used, the magnetism diminished when weights were attached to the wire, that is, when it was submitted to stress. With the soft iron wire, however, the results seem to have been of an opposite character, the magnetism being increased with the addition of weights, and decreased on their removal. Like results were obtained by other methods of experiment.

THE report of Sir W. Thomson on the effects of stress on the magnetism of iron wires, noticed above, suggests a brief review of certain kindred experiments conducted by Professor Barrett with a view to determine the effects of heat on the structure of steel rods and wires. It appears from these experiments that, if steel of any thickness be heated by the usual methods, it will be found that, at a certain point of temperature, not only does the metal cease to expand for a brief period, but also fails to increase in heat. The length of time during which this abnormal condition lasts varies with the thickness of the wire. If the wire after being thus heated be allowed to cool slowly, the decrease in temperature and the contraction will be regular until the critical point is reached at which the change took place on heating. Here a second and reverse change occurs—that is, the cooling is suddenly checked, and an expansion takes place, causing the wire to glow with a bright-red heat. The problem suggested by these facts is one that will merit and engage the attention of physicists, and its solution may be of great practical significance and value.

Our readers will recall the fact, announced some time ago, that two of the assistants of Professor Hofmann had discovered a method of preparing vanillin—the essential element

of vanilla—from pine-trees. It now appears that this discovery is likely to prove one of great significance to the consumers of this article as well as profit to the discoverers. Furthermore, it is likely to result in the utilization of a waste product which until now had no pecuniary or commercial value. The waste product to which we refer is the solution obtained by paper-makers who use wood-pulp. In the preparation of the wood a solution of caustic-soda is used, and it is now found that among the soda-salts removed by this means is that of vanillin. By treating this solution with acid, the odor of vanilla becomes soon apparent; and it is believed that a method will soon be discovered for obtaining the vanillin in crystalline form. Our readers should understand that this artificial product is not of the character of an adulteration, but an actual substance similar in chemical constitution to the natural one. Should the method for obtaining it from the solution above named prove successful, manufacturers of wood-paper will find themselves in the possession of a by-product which is of more value than the original product sought. As a triumph of synthetic chemistry, this discovery deserves to rank with that of alizarine—the essential element of madder—by Grube and Leibermann.

WE learn from *Nature* that the preliminary Northwest African Expedition is expected to leave England for the coast of Africa early in November. General Sir Arthur Cotton and several scientific gentlemen are expected to accompany it. The object in view is to make a survey of the coast of Africa opposite the Canary Islands for the purpose of finding a suitable position for a harbor and commercial and missionary station; to enter into commercial arrangements with the native tribes, and to inquire into their present means of commerce, and the resources of the countries through which it is proposed to pass; to examine as far as practicable the sand-bar across the mouth of the river Belta, which it is supposed keeps back the waters of the Atlantic Ocean from flowing into the dry bed of the ancient inland sea, to obtain levels and other necessary information. Mr. Mackenzie, the director of the party, expects to get the friendly support of the most powerful chief of the tribes on the northwest coast of Africa.

EACH week brings with it some fresh announcement regarding the tempering of glass, while at the same time inventors are active in applying the original principle of De la Bastie to the various kindred branches. A recent French patent substitutes for the oil-and-resin solution of De la Bastie a bath of soot or melted butter, into which the glass objects, after being heated to a temperature of 752° Fahr., are plunged. A second method is that which employs in the tempering-bath liquefied metals or alloys, having a fusing-point below that of glass, as copper, lead, antimony, etc. Currents of gas or superheated vapors have also been suggested for the same purpose. By these several methods it is proposed to temper all varieties of ceramic ware as well as glass.

In the course of a recent after-dinner speech President Orton, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, made the statement that the English language was twenty-five per cent. a cheaper language to use in telegraphing than any other, and thirty-three per cent. more concise, and therefore cheaper for telegraphing, than the French. As this statement may be regarded as final, since it comes from so high an authority, philologists will find in the facts attractive material for further research.

Miscellanea.

A CONTRIBUTOR sends us a collection of anecdotes of weddings, an installment of which we give below, promising more to follow:

When the collector of rare and curious specimens of insects, and flowers, and minerals, finds new objects of interest, he sticks a pin in them, or puts them in alcohol, or labels them, and then sits down to count his collections, and see what he has actually gathered. In the same way we may stick pins in the various experiences of life, and thus collect a museum of rare specimens. The present collection of wedding-anecdotes are specimens of eccentricities at this trying hour that have come across the writer's path. We see plenty of curious epitaphs in cemeteries; let us look at some wedding-scenes as strange as any of these.

A young clergyman, at the first wedding he ever had, thought it was a very good time to impress upon the couple before him the solemnity of the act.

"I hope, Dennis," he said to the coachman, with his license in his hand, "you have well considered this solemn step in life."

"I hope so, your reverence," answered Dennis.

"It's a very important step you're taking, Mary," said the minister.

"Yes, sir, I know it is," replied Mary, whimpering. "Perhaps we had better wait a while."

"Perhaps we had, your reverence," chimed in Dennis.

The minister, hardly expecting such a personal application of his exhortation, and seeing the five-dollar note vanishing before his eyes, betook himself to a more cheerful aspect of the situation, and said:

"Yes, of course it's solemn and important, you know, but it's a very happy time, after all, when people love each other. Shall we go on with the service?"

"Yes, your reverence," they both replied, and they were soon made one in the bonds of matrimony, and that young minister is now very careful how he brings on the solemn view of marriage to timid couples.

A party came to a clergyman's house one evening to be married. Every thing went on harmoniously until the woman came to the word "obey" in the service. Here a balky scene ensued.

"Never—never!" she said. "I did not know that word was in the service, and I will never say it!"

"Oh, dear," remonstrated her partner, "do not make trouble now. Just say it—say it, even if you don't mean it. Say it for my sake—for your dear John's sake!"

"Never—never!" insisted the high-spirited dame. "I will not say what I do not mean, and I do not mean to obey.—You must go on, sir," she added, to the clergyman, "without that word."

"That is impossible, madam," replied the minister. "I cannot marry you unless you promise 'to love, cherish, and obey' your husband."

"Won't you leave us for a little while together?" interceded the young man. "I think I can manage her after a while."

So the minister went back into his study, and wrote on his sermon for an hour and a half, and finally, at a quarter before ten o'clock, there

"... came a tapping—
As of some one gently rapping."

and the mild-mannered Benedict informed the parson that at last, after a long wrestling of spirit, his "dear Jane" had consented to say "obey." But how that compromise was brought about, no one ever knew.

I have often heard this same clergyman relate how, after a wedding-ceremony on one occasion, which occurred in his own parlor, the husband whispered to his brand-new bride, as they approached the door, "Mary, have you got any small change?"

The old Swedes' church in Philadelphia was the famous marrying-ground for nearly two hundred years to all the neighborhood and the churches in that vicinity. The record-book of that venerable parish is teeming with marriages. There has to be an "extension" made to that department in every new register. Notes and memoranda adorn the pages of the "wedding-column" explanatory of the different couples. One clergyman kept a list of foreign sailors (with a wife very probably in every large port) and runaway country-girls whom he had refused to unite in matrimony because of his suspicions, or because of the lateness of the hour, or of the absence of witnesses. Colored weddings have always a richly humorous side. The colored race is a susceptible, imitative one, and when they are fine, as at weddings, they are generally superfine.

A clergyman was called on upon one occasion to officiate at a colored wedding.

"We assure, sah," said the gentlemanly darkey, "that this yere wedding, sah, is to be very 'appropos'—quite *à la mode*, sah."

"Very well," replied the clergyman, "I will try to do every thing in my power to gratify the wishes of the parties."

So, after the dinner and dancing and supping was over, the groom's "best man" called again on the minister, and left him a ten-dollar fee.

"I hope every thing was as your friends desired it?" said the urbane clergyman.

"Well, sah, to tell the truth, Mr. Johnson was a little disappointed," answered the groomsmen.

"Why, I took my robes," said the minister.

"Yes, sah—it wasn't that."

"I adhered to the rubrics of the Church."

"Yes, sah, that was all right."

"I was punctual, and shook hands with the couple. What more could I do?"

"Well, sah, Mr. Johnson he kind o' felt hurt, you see, because you *didn't salute the bride!*"

I remember a friend who, in the early days of his ministry, was met by a couple, as he came out of church, who wanted to be married. He turned back to oblige the party, and found at the last that they made up their minds to drive off in their buggy to some other church.

"But may I ask," he inquired of the man, "why you first ask me to marry you, and then change your minds in this way?"

No answer came from the groom, but the young woman, lifting up the back curtain of the buggy, called out: "Well, you see, I hadn't got a look at the minister afore, and, to tell the truth, you're so young and innocent-like that I'm kind of feared you won't marry us right, and so I'd rather trust meself to some one who's done it a good many times, and is sure he knows how."

MR. HENRY IRVING'S *Macbeth* has generally met with adverse criticism from the London press. The following from the *Daily*

News will give our readers a good idea of the characteristics of the performance: "Both its merits and its faults will be easily anticipated by his admirers. There is the same tendency to capricious emphasis and to eccentric modulations of the voice, the same habit of excessive gesture and of movement which appears to have no special interpretative value. Something in his utterance of lines seems, as before, to lack to a certain degree the true tone of sincerity; but the secret of the spell which this extraordinary actor exercises over the imaginations of audiences is not difficult to discover. It lies in the imaginative power with which he is able to depict the most terrible passions of the human soul in a great crisis of action, and in the wonderful expressiveness of countenance which on these occasions never deserts him. To the play-goer whose memory is haunted with the *Macbeth* of the past, there is a peculiar pleasure in the total absence in all Mr. Irving's performances of mere conventional details. We believe it has always been customary in the dagger-scene to confront the audience looking upward, as if the imaginary weapon were hovering in the air somewhere between the performer and the audience. Mr. Irving, on the contrary, sees the dagger at a much lower point as he follows across the stage, drawn as it were by its fascination toward the arched entrance to the chamber of the king—a fine point being his averted hands, as if the man, 'infirm of purpose,' and conscious of the spell that is around and about him, could not trust himself to 'clutch' the airy weapon save in words. In the banquet-scene a striking effect was produced by the actor dashing from his brows the coronet which he had been wearing in terror of the gaze of the murdered *Banquo*. Mr. Irving follows Macready in crouching beside the chair of *Lady Macbeth* and concealing his face after the words, 'Unreal mockery, hence'—though instead of covering his face with his hands he raises a part of the crimson cloak which he is wearing. Up to the end of the fourth act perhaps the most disappointing feature in the performance was the partial failure to exhibit the bolder qualities which lie at the foundation of *Macbeth*'s character. In the concluding act, where the desperate will reveals in the bustle of preparation for war, this defect was nobly redeemed. It is for this reason that the momentary prostration, when *Macduff* revealed the fatal secret that his antagonist was fighting with no man 'of woman born,' became so effective. The touches of

tenderness and of regretful remorse, which add so greatly to the beauty of these latter scenes, seemed indeed to miss some of their effect; but the final combat and death-struggle has probably never been equalled for picturesque force and intensity. There was nothing here of that mere dexterity of the practised swordsman which it was said gave to the acting of Edmund Kean in this scene somewhat the air of a fencing-master's lesson. It was widely different, too, from the grace of the actor's sword-play in the final scene of 'Hamlet.' There were no sickly fears or superstitious fancies in the savage cuts with which, striving desperately against the fates, he made aim again and again at his implacable foe. The words, 'Before my body I throw my warlike shield,' seemed to become invested with new force and meaning as the actor, casting away this useless incumbrance, grasped his huge sword-handle with both hands and hurled blows at his adversary with a blind fury which evidently tends to precipitate his fate. To pluck a dagger from a sheath and aim a dying blow at a foe, as Mr. Irving does here, is a detail of the actor's art common enough in itself; but in its suddenness, and in the quick and manifest subsidence of the effort as with outstretched arms the wounded man staggers and falls, it presented touches far beyond the reach of the more melodramatic actor. The effect upon the imagination of the entire audience could be felt."

According to a London journal, the "busy bee" of England has recently developed a remarkable taste. This model insect is said to "improve the shining hour" by devouring peaches, nectarines, and other rare fruits, the cultivation of which has been a source of anxious pleasure to the cottage-gardener throughout the spring and summer months. "The question is," says this journal, "whether the bees or the peaches shall be diestablished; or whether the two cannot coexist. To cover the ripe fruit—unripe it will not be touched by the bees—with a thin curtain, which would exclude the intruding insects, but would not cut off the access of air, and heat, and light, is an easy remedy which needs not be beyond the resources of any cottage-gardener, and would be a complete solution of the problem." We should judge that blossoms and flowers must have been few and poor ere the bees would have attempted a forage on fruit.

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